

RUBÁIYÁT OF
OMAR . . .
KHAYYÁM

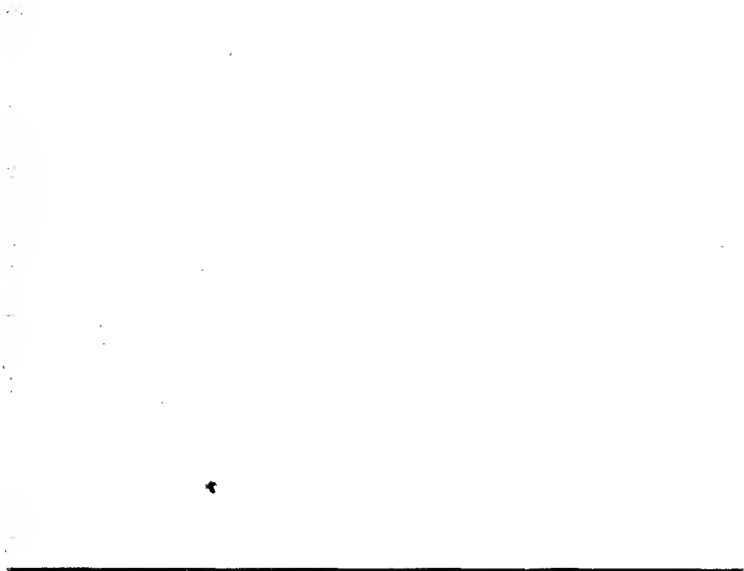
TRANSLATED BY
EDWARD FITZGERALD



NEW YORK AND BOSTON
THOMAS Y. CROWELL AND
COMPANY



Edmund Fitzgerald



ROBĀ'ĪYĀT
OF OMAR KHAYYĀM

AND THE

SALĀMAN AND ABSĀL
OF JĀMĪ

RENDERED INTO ENGLISH VERSE

BY

EDWARD FITZGERALD



NEW YORK: 46 EAST 14TH STREET

THOMAS Y. CROWELL & COMPANY

BOSTON: 100 PURCHASE STREET

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Biographical Preface	5
To E. Fitzgerald (Epilogue by Alfred, Lord Tennyson)	32
Omar Khayyám, the Astronomer-Poet of Persia (by Edward Fitzgerald) . . .	37
Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám of Naishápúr (5th Edition)	65
Notes	106
Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám (1st Edition) .	119
Note by the Editor (W. Aldis Wright) .	149
Variations between the Second, Third, and Fourth Editions of Omar Khayyám .	150
Comparative Table of Stanzas in the Four Editions	166

	PAGE
Salámán and Absál. An Allegory. Trans-	
lated from the Persian of Jámí . . .	171
Letter to Professor Cowell	173
Notice of Jámí's Life	183
Salámán and Absál :	
Preliminary Invocation	201
The Story. Part I.	210
Part II.	235
Part III.	261
Appendix	281

BIOGRAPHICAL PREFACE.



EDWARD FITZGERALD, whom the world has already learned, in spite of his own efforts to remain within the shadow of anonymity, to look upon as one of the rarest poets of the century, was born at Bredfield, in Suffolk, on the 31st March, 1809. He was the third son of John Purcell, of Kilkenny, in Ireland, who, marrying Miss Mary Frances Fitzgerald, daughter of John Fitzgerald, of Williamstown, County Waterford, added that distinguished name to his own patronymic; and the future Omar was thus doubly of Irish extraction. (Both the families of Purcell and Fitzgerald claim descent from

Norman warriors of the eleventh century.) This circumstance is thought to have had some influence in attracting him to the study of Persian poetry, Iran and Erin being almost convertible terms in the early days of modern ethnology. After some years of primary education at the grammar school of Bury St. Edmunds, he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1826, and there formed acquaintance with several young men of great abilities, most of whom rose to distinction before him, but never ceased to regard with affectionate remembrance the quiet and amiable associate of their college-days. Amongst them were Alfred Tennyson, James Spedding, William Bodham Donne, John Mitchell Kemble, and William Makepeace Thackeray; and their long friendship has been touchingly referred to by the Laureate in dedicating his last poem to the memory of Edward Fitzgerald. "Euphranor," our

author's earliest printed work, affords a curious picture of his academic life and associations. Its substantial reality is evident beneath the thin disguise of the symbolical or classical names which he gives to the personages of the colloquy; and the speeches which he puts into his own mouth are full of the humorous gravity, the whimsical and kindly philosophy, which remained his distinguishing characteristics till the end. This book was first published in 1851; a second and a third edition were printed some years later; all anonymous, and each of the latter two differing from its predecessor by changes in the text which were not indicated on the title-pages.

"Euphranor" furnishes a good many characterizations which would be useful for any writer treating upon Cambridge society in the third decade of this century. Kenelm Digby, the author of the "Broadstone of Honour," had left Cam-

bridge before the time when Euphranor held his "dialogue," but he is picturesquely recollected as "a grand swarthy fellow who might have stepped out of the canvas of some knightly portrait in his father's hall—perhaps the living image of one sleeping under some cross-legged *effigies* in the church." In "Euphranor," it is easy to discover the earliest phase of the unconquerable attachment which Fitzgerald entertained for his college and his life-long friends, and which induced him in later days to make frequent visits to Cambridge, renewing and refreshing the old ties of custom and friendship. In fact, his disposition was affectionate to a fault, and he betrayed his consciousness of weakness in that respect by referring playfully at times to "a certain natural lubricity" which he attributed to the Irish character, and professed to discover especially in himself. This amiability of temper endeared

him to many friends of totally dissimilar tastes and qualities; and, by enlarging his sympathies, enabled him to enjoy the fructifying influence of studies pursued in communion with scholars more profound than himself, but less gifted with the power of expression. One of the younger Cambridge men with whom he became intimate during his periodical pilgrimages to the university, was Edward B. Cowell, a man of the highest attainment in Oriental learning, who resembled Fitzgerald himself in the possession of a warm and genial heart and the most unobtrusive modesty. From Cowell he could easily learn that the hypothetical affinity between the names of Erin and Iran belonged to an obsolete stage of etymology; but the attraction of a far-fetched theory was replaced by the charm of reading Persian poetry in companionship with his young friend, who was equally competent to enjoy and to

analyze the beauties of a literature that formed a portion of his regular studies. They read together the poetical remains of Khayyám — a choice of reading which sufficiently indicates the depth and range of Mr. Cowell's knowledge. Omar Khayyám, although not quite forgotten, enjoyed in the history of Persian literature a celebrity like that of Oecleve and Gower in our own. In the many *Tazkirát* (memoirs or memorials) of Poets, he was mentioned and quoted with esteem; but his poems, labouring as they did under the original sin of heresy and atheism, were seldom looked at, and, from lack of demand on the part of readers, had become rarer than those of most other writers since the days of Firdausi. European scholars knew little of his works beyond his Arabic treatise on Algebra, and Mr. Cowell may be said to have disinterred his poems from oblivion. Now, thanks

to the fine taste of that scholar, and to the transmuting genius of Fitzgerald, no Persian poet is so well known in the western world as Abu-'l-fat'h 'Omar son of Ibrahim the Tentmaker of Naishápúr, whose manhood synchronizes with the Norman conquest of England, and who took for his poetic name (*takhallus*) the designation of his father's trade (*Khay-yám*). The "Rubá'íyyát" (Quatrains) do not compose a single poem divided into a certain number of stanzas; there is no continuity of plan in them, and each stanza is a distinct thought expressed in musical verse. There is no other element of unity in them than the general tendency of the Epicurean idea, and the arbitrary divan form by which they are grouped according to the alphabetical arrangement of the final letters; those in which the rhymes end in *a* constituting the first division, those with *b* the second, and so on. The peculiar attitude towards

religion and the old questions of fate, immortality, the origin and the destiny of man, which educated thinkers have assumed in the present age of Christendom, is found admirably foreshadowed in the fantastic verses of Khayyám, who was no more of a Mohammedan than many of our best writers are Christians. His philosophical and Horatian fancies—graced as they are by the charms of a lyrical expression equal to that of Horace, and a vivid brilliance of imagination to which the Roman poet could make no claim—exercised a powerful influence upon Fitzgerald's mind, and coloured his thoughts to such a degree that even when he oversteps the largest licence allowed to a translator, his phrases reproduce the spirit and manner of his original with a nearer approach to perfection than would appear possible. It is usually supposed that there is more of Fitzgerald than of Khayyám in the English

“Rubá’iyyát,” and that the old Persian simply afforded themes for the Anglo-Irishman’s display of poetic power; but nothing could be further from the truth. The French translator, J. B. Nicolas, and the English one, Mr. Whinfield, supply a closer mechanical reflection of the sense in each separate stanza; but Mr. Fitzgerald has, in some instances, given a version equally close and exact; in others, rejointed scattered phrases from more than one stanza of his original, and thus accomplished a feat of marvellous poetical transfusion. He frequently turns literally into English the strange outlandish imagery which Mr. Whinfield thought necessary to replace by more intelligible banalities, and in this way the magic of his genius has successfully transplanted into the garden of English poesy exotics that bloom like native flowers.

One of Mr. Fitzgerald’s Woodbridge

friends was Bernard Barton, the Quaker poet, with whom he maintained for many years the most intimate and cordial intercourse, and whose daughter Lucy he married. He wrote the memoir of his friend's life which appeared in the posthumous volume of Barton's poems. The story of his married life was a short one. With all the overflowing amiability of his nature, there were mingled certain peculiarities or waywardnesses which were more suitable to the freedom of celibacy than to the staidness of matrimonial life. A separation took place by mutual agreement, and Fitzgerald behaved in this circumstance with the generosity and unselfishness which were apparent in all his whims no less than in his more deliberate actions. Indeed, his entire career was marked by an unchanging goodness of heart and a genial kindliness; and no one could complain of having ever endured hurt or

ill-treatment at his hands. His pleasures were innocent and simple. Amongst the more delightful, he counted the short coasting trips, occupying no more than a day or two at a time, which he used to make in his own yacht from Lowestoft, accompanied only by a crew of two men, and such a friend as Cowell, with a large pasty and a few bottles of wine to supply their material wants. It is needless to say that books were also put into the cabin, and that the symposia of the friends were thus brightened by communion with the minds of the great departed. Fitzgerald's enjoyment of gnomie wisdom enshrined in words of exquisite propriety was evinced by the frequency with which he used to read Montaigne's essays and Madame de Sévigné's letters, and the various works from which he extracted and published his collection of wise saws entitled "Polonius." This taste was

allied to a love for what was classical and correct in literature, by which he was also enabled to appreciate the prim and formal muse of Crabbe, in whose grandson's house he died.

His second printed work was the "Polonius," already referred to, which appeared in 1852. It exemplifies his favourite reading, being a collection of extracts, sometimes short proverbial phrases, sometimes longer pieces of characterization or reflection, arranged under abstract headings. He occasionally quotes Dr. Johnson, for whom he entertained sincere admiration; but the ponderous and artificial fabric of Johnsonese did not please him like the language of Bacon, Fuller, Sir Thomas Browne, Coleridge, whom he cites frequently. A disproportionate abundance of wise words was drawn from Carlyle; his original views, his forcible sense, and the friendship with which Fitzger-

ald regarded him, having apparently blinded the latter to the ungainly style and ungraceful mannerisms of the Chelsea sage. (It was Thackeray who first made them personally acquainted forty years ago; and Fitzgerald remained always loyal to his first instincts of affection and admiration.¹) Polonius also marks the period of his earliest attention to Persian studies, as he quotes in it the great Sufi poet Jalál-ud-dín-Rúmi, whose "Masnavi" has lately been trans-

¹ The close relation that subsisted between Fitzgerald and Carlyle has lately been made patent by an article in the *Historical Review* upon the Squire papers,—those celebrated documents purporting to be contemporary records of Cromwell's time,—which were accepted by Carlyle as genuine, but which other scholars have asserted from internal evidence to be modern forgeries. However the question may be decided, the fact which concerns us here is that our poet was the negotiator between Mr. Squire and Carlyle, and that his correspondence with the latter upon the subject reveals the intimate nature of their acquaintance.

lated into English by Mr. Redhouse, but whom Fitzgerald can only have seen in the original. He, however, spells the name *Jallaladin*, an incorrect form of which he could not have been guilty at the time when he produced Omar Khayyám, and which thus betrays that he had not long been engaged with Irani literature. He was very fond of Montaigne's essays, and of Pascal's "Pensées"; but his "Polonius" reveals a sort of dislike and contempt for Voltaire. Amongst the Germans, Jean Paul, Goethe, Alexander von Humboldt, and August Wilhelm von Schlegel attracted him greatly; but he seems to have read little German, and probably only quoted translations. His favourite motto was "Plain Living and High Thinking," and he expresses great reverence for all things manly, simple, and true. The laws and institutions of England were, in his eyes, of the highest value and

sacredness; and whatever Irish sympathies he had would never have diverted his affections from the Union to Home Rule. This is strongly illustrated by some original lines of blank verse at the end of "Polonius," annexed to his quotation, under "Æsthetics," of the words in which Lord Palmerston eulogized Mr. Gladstone for having devoted his Neapolitan tour to an inspection of the prisons.

Fitzgerald's next printed work was a translation, of Six Dramas of Calderon, published in 1853, which was unfavourably received at the time, and consequently withdrawn by him from circulation. His name appeared on the title-page, — a concession to publicity which was so unusual with him that it must have been made under strong pressure from his friends. The book is in nervous blank verse, a mode of composition which he handled with great

ease and skill. There is no waste of power in diffuseness and no employment of unnecessary epithets. It gives the impression of a work of the Shakespearean age, and reveals a kindred felicity, strength, and directness of language. It deserves to rank with his best efforts in poetry, but its ill-success made him feel that the publication of his name was an unfavourable experiment, and he never again repeated it. His great modesty, however, would sufficiently account for this shyness. Of "Omar Khayyám," even after the little book had won its way to general esteem, he used to say that the suggested addition of his name on the title would imply an assumption of importance which he considered that his "transmogrification" of the Persian poet did not possess.

Fitzgerald's conception of a translator's privilege is well set forth in the prefaces of his versions from Calderon,

and the "Agamemnon" of Æschylus. He maintained that, in the absence of the perfect poet, who shall re-create in his own language the body and soul of his original, the best system is that of a paraphrase conserving the spirit of the author,—a sort of literary metempsychosis. Calderon, Æschylus, and Omar Khayyám were all treated with equal licence, so far as form is concerned,—the last, perhaps, the most arbitrarily; but the result is not unsatisfactory as having given us perfect English poems instinct with the true flavour of their prototypes. The Persian was probably somewhat more Horatian and less melancholy, the Greek a little less florid and mystic, the Spaniard more lyrical and fluent, than their metaphrast has made them; but the essential spirit has not escaped in transfusion. Only a man of singular gifts could have performed the achievement, and these works attest

Mr. Fitzgerald's right to rank amongst the finest poets of the century. About the same time as he printed his *Calderon*, another set of translations from the same dramatist was published by the late D. F. MacCarthy; a scholar whose acquaintance with Castilian literature was much deeper than Mr. Fitzgerald's, and who also possessed poetical abilities of no mean order, with a totally different sense of the translator's duty. The popularity of MacCarthy's versions has been considerable, and as an equivalent rendering of the original in sense and form his work is valuable. Spaniards familiar with the English language rate its merit highly; but there can be little question of the very great superiority of Mr. Fitzgerald's work as a contribution to English literature. It is indeed only from this point of view that we should regard all the literary labours of our author. They are Eng-

lish poetical work of fine quality, dashed with a pleasant outlandish flavour which heightens their charm; and it is as English poems, not as translations, that they have endeared themselves even more to the American English than to the mixed Britons of England.

It was an occasion of no small moment to Mr. Fitzgerald's fame, and to the intellectual gratification of many thousands of readers, when he took his little packet of "Rubá'iyát" to Mr. Quaritch in the latter part of the year 1858. It was printed as a small quarto pamphlet, bearing the publisher's name but not the author's; and although apparently a complete failure at first,—a failure which Mr. Fitzgerald regretted less on his own account than on that of his publisher, to whom he had generously made a present of the book,—received, nevertheless, a sufficient distribution by being quickly reduced from the price of five shillings

and placed in the box of cheap books marked a penny each. Thus forced into circulation, the two hundred copies which had been printed were soon exhausted. Among the buyers were Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Mr. Swinburne, Captain (now Sir Richard) Burton, and Mr. William Simpson, the accomplished artist of the *Illustrated London News*. The influence exercised by the first three, especially by Rossetti, upon a clique of young men who have since grown to distinction, was sufficient to attract observation to the singular beauties of the poem anonymously translated from the Persian. Most readers had no possible opportunity of discovering whether it was a disguised original or an actual translation; — even Captain Burton enjoyed probably but little chance of seeing a manuscript of the Persian “Rubá’iyyát.” The Oriental imagery and allusions were too thickly scattered throughout the verses to favour

the notion that they could be the original work of an Englishman; yet it was shrewdly suspected by most of the appreciative readers that the "translator" was substantially the author and creator of the poem. In the refuge of his anonymity, Fitzgerald derived an innocent gratification from the curiosity that was aroused on all sides. After the first edition had disappeared, inquiries for the little book became frequent, and in the year 1868 he gave the MS. of his second edition to Mr. Quaritch, and the "Rubá'iyát" came into circulation once more, but with several alterations and additions by which the number of stanzas was somewhat increased beyond the original seventy-five. Most of the changes were, as might have been expected, improvements; but in some instances the author's taste or caprice was at fault, — notably in the first *Rubá'iy*. His fastidious desire to avoid anything that seemed

baroque or unnatural, or appeared like plagiarism, may have influenced him; but it was probably because he had already used the idea in his rendering of Jámí's "Salámán," that he sacrificed a fine and novel piece of imagery in his first stanza and replaced it by one of much more ordinary character. If it were from a dislike to pervert his original too largely, he had no need to be so scrupulous, since he dealt on the whole with the "Rubá'iyát" as though he had the licence of absolute authorship, changing, transposing, and manipulating the substance of the Persian quatrains with singular freedom. The vogue of "old Omar" (as he would affectionately call his work) went on increasing, and American readers took it up with eagerness. In those days, the mere mention of Omar Khayyám between two strangers meeting fortuitously acted like a sign of freemasonry and established frequently

a bond of friendship. Some curious instances of this have been related. A remarkable feature of the Omar-cult in the United States was the circumstance that single individuals bought numbers of copies for gratuitous distribution before the book was reprinted in America. Its editions have been relatively numerous, when we consider how restricted was the circle of readers who could understand the peculiar beauties of the work. A third edition appeared in 1872, with some further alterations, and may be regarded as virtually the author's final revision, for it hardly differs at all from the text of the fourth edition, which appeared in 1879. This last formed the first portion of a volume entitled "Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám; and the Salámán and Absál of Jámí; rendered into English verse." The "Salámán" (which had already been printed in separate form in 1856) is a poem chiefly in blank

verse, interspersed with various metres (although it is all in one measure in the original) embodying a love-story of mystic significance; for Jámí was, unlike Omar Khayyám, a true Sufi, and indeed differed in other respects, his celebrity as a pious Mussulman doctor being equal to his fame as a poet. He lived in the fifteenth century, in a period of literary brilliance and decay; and the rich exuberance of his poetry, full of far-fetched conceits, involved expressions, overstrained imagery, and false taste, offers a strong contrast to the simpler and more forcible language of Khayyám. There is little use of Arabic in the earlier poet; he preferred the vernacular speech to the mongrel language which was fashionable among the heirs of the Saracen conquerors; but Jámí's composition is largely embroidered with Arabic.

Mr. Fitzgerald had from his early days been thrown into contact with the Crabbe

family; the Reverend George Crabbe (the poet's grandson) was an intimate friend of his, and it was on a visit to Morton Rectory that Fitzgerald died. As we know that friendship has power to warp the judgment, we shall not probably be wrong in supposing that his enthusiastic admiration for Crabbe's poems was not the product of sound, impartial criticism. He attempted to reintroduce them to the world by publishing a little volume of "Readings from Crabbe," produced in the last year of his life, but without success. A different fate awaited his "Agamemnon: a tragedy taken from Æschylus," which was first printed privately by him, and afterwards published with alterations in 1876. It is a very free rendering from the Greek, and full of a poetical beauty which is but partly assignable to Æschylus. Without attaining to anything like the celebrity and admiration which have

followed Omar Khayyám, the "Agamemnon" has achieved much more than a *succès d'estime*. Mr. Fitzgerald's renderings from the Greek were not confined to this one essay; he also translated the two Œdipus dramas of Sophocles, but left them unfinished in manuscript till Prof. Eliot Norton had a sight of them about seven or eight years ago and urged him to complete his work. When this was done, he had them set in type, but only a very few proofs can have been struck off, as it seems that, at least in England, no more than one or two copies were sent out by the author. In a similar way he printed translations of two of Calderon's plays not included in the published "Six Dramas"—namely, "La Vida es Sueño," and "El Magico Prodigioso," (both ranking among the Spaniard's finest work;) but they also were withheld from the public and all but half a dozen friends.

When his old boatman died, about ten years ago, he abandoned his nautical exercises and gave up his yacht for ever. During the last few years of his life, he divided his time between Cambridge, Crabbe's house, and his own home at Little Grange, near Woodbridge, where he received occasional visits from friends and relatives.

This edition of the "Omar Khayyám" is a modest memorial of one of the most modest men who have enriched English literature with poetry of distinct and permanent value. His best epitaph is found in Tennyson's "Tiresias and other poems," published immediately after our author's quiet exit from life, in 1883, in the seventy-fifth year of his age.

M. K.

TO E. FITZGERALD.¹

OLD FITZ, who from your suburb grange,
Where once I tarried for a while,
Glance at the wheeling Orb of change,
And greet it with a kindly smile;
Whom yet I see as there you sit
Beneath your sheltering garden-tree,
And watch your doves about you flit,
And plant on shoulder, hand and knee,
Or on your head their rosy feet,
As if they knew your diet spares
Whatever moved in that full sheet
Let down to Peter at his prayers;
Who live on milk and meal and grass;
And once for ten long weeks I tried
Your table of Pythagoras,
And seem'd at first "a thing enskied"

¹ Epilogue by Alfred, Lord Tennyson.

(As Shakespeare has it) airy-light
To float above the ways of men,
Then fell from that half-spiritual height
Chill'd, till I tasted flesh again
One night when earth was winter-black,
And all the heavens flash'd in frost;
And on me, half-asleep, came back
That wholesome heat the blood had lost,
And set me climbing icy capes
And glaciers, over which there roll'd
To meet me long-arm'd vines with grapes
Of Eshcol hugeness; for the cold
Without, and warmth within me, wrought
To mould the dream; but none can
say
That Lenten fare makes Lenten thought,
Who reads your golden Eastern lay,
Than which I know no version done
In English more divinely well;
A planet equal to the sun
Which cast it, that large infidel
Your Omar; and your Omar drew
Full-handed plaudits from our best

In modern letters, and from two,
Old friends outvaluing all the rest,
Two voices heard on earth no more;
But we old friends are still alive,
And I am nearing seventy-four,
While you have touch'd at seventy-five,
And so I send a birthday line
Of greeting; and my son, who dipt
In some forgotten book of mine
With sallow scraps of manuscript,
And dating many a year ago,
Has hit on this, which you will take,
My Fitz, and welcome, as I know
Less for its own than for the sake
Of one recalling gracious times,
When, in our younger London days,
You found some merit in my rhymes,
And I more pleasure in your praise.

RUBÁIYÁT
OF
OMAR KHAYYÂM,
THE
ASTRONOMER-POET OF PERSIA

Rendered into English Verse.

OMAR KHAYYÁM,
THE
ASTRONOMER-POET OF PERSIA.

(BY EDWARD FITZGERALD.)



OMAR KHAYYÁM was born at Naishá-púr in Khorassán in the latter half of our Eleventh, and died within the First Quarter of our Twelfth Century. The slender Story of his Life is curiously twined about that of two other very considerable Figures in their Time and Country: one of whom tells the Story of all Three. This was Nizám ul Mulk, Vizyr to Alp Arslan the Son, and Malik Shah the Grandson, of Toghrul Beg the Tartar, who had wrested Persia from

the feeble Successor of Mahmúd the Great, and founded that Seljukian Dynasty which finally roused Europe into the Crusades. This Nizám ul Mulk, in his *Wasiyat*—or *Testament*—which he wrote and left as a Memorial for future Statesmen—relates the following, as quoted in the *Calcutta Review*, No. 59, from Mirkhond's History of the Assassins.

“One of the greatest of the wise men of Khorassán was the Imám Mowaffak of Naishápúr, a man highly honoured and revered,—may God rejoice his soul; his illustrious years exceeded eighty-five, and it was the universal belief that every boy who read the Koran or studied the traditions in his presence, would assuredly attain to honour and happiness. For this cause did my father send me from Tús to Naishápúr with Abd-us-samad, the doctor of law, that I might employ myself in

‘study and learning under the guidance
‘of that illustrious teacher. Towards
‘me he ever turned an eye of favour
‘and kindness, and as his pupil I felt
‘for him extreme affection and devotion,
‘so that I passed four years in his ser-
‘vice. When I first came there, I found
‘two other pupils of mine own age newly
‘arrived, Hakim Omar Khayyám, and the
‘ill-fated Ben Sabbáh. Both were en-
‘dowed with sharpness of wit and the
‘highest natural powers; and we three
‘formed a close friendship together.
‘When the Imám rose from his lectures,
‘they used to join me, and we repeated
‘to each other the lessons we had heard.
‘Now Omar was a native of Naishápúr,
‘while Hasan Ben Sabbáh’s father was
‘one Ali, a man of austere life and prac-
‘tice, but heretical in his creed and doc-
‘trine. One day Hasan said to me and
‘to Khayyám, ‘It is a universal belief
‘that the pupils of the Imám Mowaffak

‘will attain to fortune. Now, even if
‘we *all* do not attain thereto, without
‘doubt one of us will; what then shall
‘be our mutual pledge and bond?’ We
‘answered, ‘Be it what you please.’
‘‘Well,’ he said, ‘let us make a vow,
‘that to whomsoever this fortune falls,
‘he shall share it equally with the rest,
‘and reserve no pre-eminence for him-
‘self.’ ‘Be it so,’ we both replied, and
‘on those terms we mutually pledged
‘our words. Years rolled on, and I
‘went from Khorassán to Transoxiana,
‘and wandered to Ghazni and Cabul;
‘and when I returned, I was invested
‘with office, and rose to be administra-
‘tor of affairs during the Sultanate of
‘Sultan Alp Arslán.’

“He goes on to state, that years
passed by, and both his old school-
friends found him out, and came and
claimed a share in his good fortune,
according to the school-day vow. The

Vizier was generous and kept his word. Hasan demanded a place in the government, which the Sultan granted at the Vizier's request; but discontented with a gradual rise, he plunged into the maze of intrigue of an oriental court, and, failing in a base attempt to supplant his benefactor, he was disgraced and fell. After many mishaps and wanderings, Hasan became the head of the Persian sect of the *Ismailians*,—a party of fanatics who had long murmured in obscurity, but rose to an evil eminence under the guidance of his strong and evil will. In A.D. 1090, he seized the castle of Alamút, in the province of Rúdbar, which lies in the mountainous tract south of the Caspian Sea; and it was from this mountain home he obtained that evil celebrity among the Crusaders as the OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAINS, and spread terror through the Mohammedan world; and

it is yet disputed whether the word *Assassin*, which they have left in the language of modern Europe as their dark memorial, is derived from the *hashish*, or opiate of hemp-leaves (the Indian *bhang*), with which they maddened themselves to the sullen pitch of oriental desperation, or from the name of the founder of the dynasty, whom we have seen in his quiet collegiate days, at Naishápúr. One of the countless victims of the Assassin's dagger was Nizám-ul-Mulk himself, the old school-boy friend.¹

“Omar Khayyám also came to the Vizier to claim his share; but not to

¹ Some of Omar's Rubáiyát warn us of the danger of Greatness, the instability of Fortune, and while advocating Charity to all Men, recommending us to be too intimate with none. Attár makes Nizám-ul-Mulk use the very words of his friend Omar [Rub. xxviii.], “When Nizám-ul-Mulk was in the Agony (of Death) he said, ‘Oh God! I am passing away in the hand of the wind.’”

ask for title or office. 'The greatest
'boon you can confer on me,' he said,
'is to let me live in a corner under the
'shadow of your fortune, to spread wide
'the advantages of Science, and pray for
'your long life and prosperity.' The
Vizier tells us, that, when he found
Omar was really sincere in his refusal,
he pressed him no further, but granted
him a yearly pension of 1200 *mithkâls*
of gold, from the treasury of Naishápúr.

"At Naishápúr thus lived and died
Omar Khayyám, 'busied,' adds the
Vizier, 'in winning knowledge of every
'kind, and especially in Astronomy,
'wherein he attained to a very high
'pre-eminence. Under the Sultanate of
'Malik Shah, he came to Merv, and ob-
'tained great praise for his proficiency
'in science, and the Sultan showered
'favours upon him.'

"When Malik Shah determined to re-
form the calendar, Omar was one of the

eight learned men employed to do it; the result was the *Jalálí* era (so called from *Jalál-ud-dín*, one of the king's names) — 'a computation of time,' says Gibbon, 'which surpasses the Julian, 'and approaches the accuracy of the 'Gregorian style.' He is also the author of some astronomical tables, entitled *Zijī-Maliksháhí*," and the French have lately republished and translated an Arabic Treatise of his on Algebra.

"His Takhallus or poetical name (Khayyám) signifies a Tent-maker, and he is said to have at one time exercised that trade, perhaps before Nizám-ul-Mulk's generosity raised him to independence. Many Persian poets similarly derive their names from their occupations; thus we have Attár, 'a druggist,' Assár, 'an oil presser,' etc.¹ Omar him-

¹ Though all these, like our Smiths, Archers, Millers, Fletchers, etc., may simply retain the Surname of an hereditary calling.

self alludes to his name in the following whimsical lines :—

‘Khayyám, who stitched the tents of science,
Has fallen in grief’s furnace and been suddenly
burned;
The shears of Fate have cut the tent ropes of
his life,
And the broker of Hope has sold him for nothing!’

“We have only one more anecdote to give of his Life, and that relates to the close; it is told in the anonymous preface which is sometimes prefixed to his poems; it has been printed in the Persian in the Appendix to Hyde’s *Veterum Persarum Religio*, p. 499; and D’Herbelot alludes to it in his *Bibliothèque*, under *Khiam*.¹—

“‘It is written in the chronicles of

¹ “*Philosophe Musulman qui a vécu en Odeur de Sainteté dans sa Religion, vers la Fin du premier et le Commencement du second Siècle,*” no part of which, except the “*Philosophe*,” can apply to our Khayyám.

‘the ancients that this King of the
‘Wise, Omar Khayyám, died at Naishá-
‘púr in the year of the Hegira, 517
‘(A.D. 1123); in science he was unri-
‘valled, — the very paragon of his age.
‘Khawájah Nizámi of Samarcand, who
‘was one of his pupils, relates the fol-
‘lowing story: ‘I often used to hold
‘conversations with my teacher, Omar
‘Khayyám, in a garden; and one day
‘he said to me, ‘My tomb shall be in a
‘spot where the north wind may scat-
‘ter roses over it.’ I wondered at the
‘words he spake, but I knew that his
‘were no idle words.¹ Years after,

¹ The Rashness of the Words, according to D’Herbelot, consisted in being so opposed to those in the Korán: “No Man knows where he shall die.” — This story of Omar reminds me of another so naturally — and when one remembers how wide of his humble mark the noble sailor aimed — so pathetically told by Captain Cook — not by Doctor Hawkesworth — in his Second Voyage (i. 374). When leaving Ulitea, “Oreo’s last request was for me to return. When he saw he could not ob-

‘when I chanced to revisit Naishápúr, I
‘went to his final resting-place, and lo!
‘it was just outside a garden, and trees
‘laden with fruit stretched their boughs
‘over the garden wall, and dropped
‘their flowers upon his tomb, so that
‘the stone was hidden under them.’ ”

Thus far — without fear of Trespass
— from the *Calcutta Review*. The writer
of it, on reading in India this story of
Omar’s Grave, was reminded, he says,
of Cicero’s Account of finding Archi-
medes’ Tomb at Syracuse, buried in

tain that promise, he asked the name of my *Marai*
(burying-place). As strange a question as this was,
I hesitated not a moment to tell him ‘Stepney;’
the parish in which I live when in London. I was
made to repeat it several times over till they could
pronounce it; and then ‘Stepney Marai no Toote’
was echoed through an hundred mouths at once.
I afterwards found the same question had been
put to Mr. Forster by a man on shore; but he
gave a different, and indeed more proper answer,
by saying, ‘No man who used the sea could say
where he should be buried.’ ”

grass and weeds. I think Thorwaldsen desired to have roses grow over him; a wish religiously fulfilled for him to the present day, I believe. However, to return to Omar.

Though the Sultan "shower'd Favours upon him," Omar's Epicurean Audacity of Thought and Speech caused him to be regarded askance in his own Time and Country. He is said to have been especially hated and dreaded by the Súfis, whose Practice he ridiculed, and whose Faith amounts to little more than his own, when stript of the Mysticism and formal recognition of Islamism under which Omar would not hide. Their Poets, including Háfiz, who are (with the exception of Firdausi) the most considerable in Persia, borrowed largely, indeed, of Omar's material, but turning it to a mystical Use more convenient to Themselves and the People they addressed; a People quite as quick

of Doubt as of Belief; as keen of Bodily Sense as of Intellectual; and delighting in a cloudy composition of both, in which they could float luxuriously between Heaven and Earth, and this World and the Next, on the wings of a poetical expression, that might serve indifferently for either. Omar was too honest of Heart as well as of Head for this. Having failed (however mistakenly) of finding any Providence but Destiny, and any World but This, he set about making the most of it; preferring rather to soothe the Soul through the Senses into Acquiescence with Things as he saw them, than to perplex it with vain disquietude after what they *might* be. It has been seen, however, that his Worldly Ambition was not exorbitant; and he very likely takes a humorous or perverse pleasure in exalting the gratification of Sense above that of the Intellect, in which he must have taken great

delight, although it failed to answer the Questions in which he, in common with all men, was most vitally interested.

For whatever Reason, however, Omar, as before said, has never been popular in his own Country, and therefore has been but scantily transmitted abroad. The MSS. of his Poems, mutilated beyond the average Casualties of Oriental Transcription, are so rare in the East as scarce to have reacht Westward at all, in spite of all the acquisitions of Arms and Science. There is no copy at the India House, none at the Bibliothèque Nationale of Paris. We know but of one in England: No. 140 of the Ouseley MSS. at the Bodleian, written at Shiráz, A.D. 1460. This contains but 158 Rubáiyát. One in the Asiatic Society's Library at Calcutta (of which we have a Copy), contains (and yet incomplete) 516, though swelled to that by all kinds of Repetition and Corruption.

So Von Hammer speaks of *his* Copy as containing about 200, while Dr. Sprenger catalogues the Lucknow MS. at double that number.¹ The Scribes, too, of the Oxford and Calcutta MSS. seem to do their Work under a sort of Protest; each beginning with a Tetrastich (whether genuine or not), taken out of its alphabetical order; the Oxford with one of Apology; the Calcutta with one of Expostulation, supposed (says a Notice prefixed to the MS.) to have arisen from a Dream, in which Omar's mother asked about his future fate. It may be rendered thus:—

“Oh Thou who burn'st in Heart for those who burn
“In Hell, whose fires thyself shall feed in turn;
“How long be crying, ‘Mercy on them, God!’
“Why, who art Thou to teach, and He to learn?”

¹ “Since this paper was written” (adds the Reviewer in a note), “we have met with a Copy of a very rare Edition, printed at Calcutta in 1836. This contains 438 Tetrastichs, with an Appendix containing 54 others not found in some MSS.”

ism by way of Justification.

"If I myself upon a looser Creed
"Have loosely strung the Jewel of Good deed,
"Let this one thing for my Atonement plead:
"That One for Two I never did mis-read."

The Reviewer,¹ to whom I owe the Particulars of Omar's Life, concludes his Review by comparing him with Lucretius, both as to natural Temper and Genius, and as acted upon by the Circumstances in which he lived. Both indeed were men of subtle, strong, and cultivated Intellect, fine Imagination, and Hearts passionate for Truth and Justice; who justly revolted from their Country's false Religion, and false, or foolish, Devotion to it; but who fell short of replacing what they subverted by such better *Hope* as others, with no better Revelation to guide them, had

¹ Professor Cowell.

yet made a Law to themselves. Lucretius, indeed, with such material as Epicurus furnished, satisfied himself with the theory of a vast machine fortuitously constructed, and acting by a Law that implied no Legislator; and so composing himself into a Stoical rather than Epicurean severity of Attitude, sat down to contemplate the mechanical Drama of the Universe which he was part Actor in; himself and all about him (as in his own sublime description of the Roman Theatre) discoloured with the lurid reflex of the Curtain suspended between the Spectator and the Sun. Omar, more desperate, or more careless of any so complicated System as resulted in nothing but hopeless Necessity, flung his own Genius and Learning with a bitter or humorous jest into the general Ruin which their insufficient glimpses only served to reveal; and, pretending sensual pleasure as the seri-

ous purpose of Life, only *diverted* himself with speculative problems of Deity, Destiny, Matter and Spirit, Good and Evil, and other such questions, easier to start than to run down, and the pursuit of which becomes a very weary sport at last!

With regard to the present Translation. The original Rubáiyát (as, missing an Arabic Guttural, these *Tetrastichs* are more musically called) are independent Stanzas, consisting each of four Lines of equal, though varied, Prosody; sometimes *all* rhyming, but oftener (as here imitated) the third line a blank. Somewhat as in the Greek Alcaic, where the penultimate line seems to lift and suspend the Wave that falls over in the last. As usual with such kind of Oriental Verse, the Rubáiyát follow one another according to Alphabetic Rhyme—a strange succession of Grave and Gay. Those here selected are

strung into something of an Eclogue, with perhaps a less than equal proportion of the "Drink and make-merry," which (genuine or not) recurs over-frequently in the Original. Either way, the Result is sad enough: saddest perhaps when most ostentatiously merry: more apt to move Sorrow than Anger toward the old Tentmaker, who, after vainly endeavouring to unshackle his Steps from Destiny, and to catch some authentic Glimpse of To-morrow, fell back upon To-day (which has outlasted so many To-morrows!) as the only Ground he had got to stand upon, however momentarily slipping from under his Feet.

While the second Edition of this version of Omar was preparing, Monsieur Nicolas, French Consul at Resht, published a very careful and very good

Edition of the Text, from a lithograph copy at Teheran, comprising 464 Rubáiyát, with translation and notes of his own.

Mons. Nicolas, whose Edition has reminded me of several things, and instructed me in others, does not consider Omar to be the material Epicurean that I have literally taken him for, but a Mystic, shadowing the Deity under the figure of Wine, Wine-bearer, &c., as Háfiz is supposed to do; in short, a Súfi Poet like Háfiz and the rest.

I cannot see reason to alter my opinion, formed as it was more than a dozen years ago¹ when Omar was first shown me by one to whom I am indebted for all I know of Oriental, and very much of other, literature. He admired Omar's Genius so much, that he would gladly have adopted any such Interpretation of his meaning as Mons.

¹[This was written in 1868. W. A. W.]

Nicolas' if he could.¹ That he could not, appears by his Paper in the Calcutta Review already so largely quoted; in which he argues from the Poems themselves, as well as from what records remain of the Poet's Life.

And if more were needed to disprove Mons. Nicolas' Theory, there is the Biographical Notice which he himself has drawn up in direct contradiction to the Interpretation of the Poems given in his Notes. (See pp. xiii-xiv of his Preface.) Indeed I hardly knew poor Omar was so far gone till his Apologist informed me. For here we see that, whatever were the Wine that Háfiz drank and sang, the veritable Juice of the Grape it was which Omar used, not only when carousing with his friends, but (says Mons. Nicolas) in order to

¹ Perhaps would have edited the Poems himself some years ago. He may now as little approve of my Version on one side, as of Mons. Nicolas' Theory on the other.

excite himself to that pitch of Devotion which others reached by cries and "hurlemens." And yet, whenever Wine, Wine-bearer, &c., occur in the text — which is often enough — Mons. Nicolas carefully annotates "Dieu," "La Divinité," &c.: so carefully indeed that one is tempted to think that he was indoctrinated by the Súfi with whom he read the Poems. (Note to Rub. ii. p. 8.) A Persian would naturally wish to vindicate a distinguished Countryman; and a Súfi to enrol him in his own sect, which already comprises all the chief Poets of Persia.

What historical Authority has Mons. Nicolas to show that Omar gave himself up "avec passion à l'étude de la philosophie des Soufis"? (Preface, p. xiii.) The Doctrines of Pantheism, Materialism, Necessity, &c., were not peculiar to the Súfi; nor to Lucretius before them; nor to Epicurus before him; probably the

very original Irreligion of Thinking men from the first; and very likely to be the spontaneous growth of a Philosopher living in an Age of social and political barbarism, under shadow of one of the Two and Seventy Religions supposed to divide the world. Von Hammer (according to Sprenger's Oriental Catalogue) speaks of Omar as "a Free-thinker, and a great opponent of *Sufism*;" perhaps because, while holding much of their Doctrine, he would not pretend to any inconsistent severity of morals. Sir W. Ouseley has written a note to something of the same effect on the fly-leaf of the Bodleian MS. And in two Rubáiyát of Mons. Nicolas' own Edition Súf and Súfi are both disparagingly named.

No doubt many of these Quatrains seem unaccountable unless mystically interpreted; but many more as unaccountable unless literally. Were the Wine spiritual, for instance, how wash

the Body with it when dead ! Why make cups of the dead clay to be filled with — “La Divinité” — by some succeeding Mystic ? Mons. Nicolas himself is puzzled by some “bizarres” and “trop Orientales” allusions and images — “d’une sensualité quelquefois révoltante” indeed — which “les convenances” do not permit him to translate ; but still which the reader cannot but refer to “La Divinité.”¹ No doubt also

¹ A Note to Quatrain 234 admits that, however clear the mystical meaning of such Images must be to Europeans, they are not quoted without “rougisant” even by laymen in Persia — “Quant aux termes de tendresse qui commencent ce quatrain, comme tant d’autres dans ce recueil, nos lecteurs, habitués maintenant à l’étrangeté des expressions si souvent employés par Khéyam pour rendre ses pensées sur l’amour divin, et à la singularité de ses images trop orientales, d’une sensualité quelquefois révoltante, n’auront pas de peine à se persuader qu’il s’agit de la Divinité, bien que cette conviction soit vivement discutée par les mollahs musulmans et même par beaucoup de laïques, qui rougissent véritablement d’une pareille licence de leur compatriote à l’égard des choses spirituelles.”

many of the Quatrains in the Teheran, as in the Calcutta, Copies, are spurious; such *Rubáiyát* being the common form of Epigram in Persia. But this, at best, tells as much one way as another; nay, the Súfi, who may be considered the Scholar and Man of Letters in Persia, would be far more likely than the careless Epicure to interpolate what favours his own view of the Poet. I observe that very few of the more mystical Quatrains are in the Bodleian MS. which must be one of the oldest, as dated at Shiraz, A.H. 865, A.D. 1460. And this, I think, especially distinguishes Omar (I cannot help calling him by his — no, not Christian — familiar name) from all other Persian Poets: That, whereas with them the Poet is lost in his Song, the Man in Allegory and Abstraction; we seem to have the Man — the *Bonhomme* — Omar himself, with all his Humours and Passions, as frankly

before us as if we were really at Table with him, after the Wine had gone round.

I must say that I, for one, never wholly believed in the Mysticism of Háfiz. It does not appear there was any danger in holding and singing Súfi Pantheism, so long as the Poet made his Salaam to Mohammed at the beginning and end of his Song. Under such conditions Jeláluddín, Jámí, Attár, and others sang; using Wine and Beauty indeed as Images to illustrate, not as a Mask to hide, the Divinity they were celebrating. Perhaps some Allegory less liable to mistake or abuse had been better among so inflammable a People: much more so when, as some think with Háfiz and Omar, the abstract is not only likened to, but identified with, the sensual Image; hazardous, if not to the Devotee himself, yet to his weaker Breth-

ren; and worse for the Profane in proportion as the Devotion of the Initiated grew warmer. And all for what? To be tantalized with Images of sensual enjoyment which must be renounced if one would approximate a God, who according to the Doctrine, is Sensual Matter as well as Spirit, and into whose Universe one expects unconsciously to merge after Death, without hope of any posthumous Beatitude in another world to compensate for all one's self-denial in this. Lucretius' blind Divinity certainly merited, and probably got, as much self-sacrifice as this of the Súfi; and the burden of Omar's Song—if not "Let us eat"—is assuredly—"Let us drink, for Tomorrow we die!" And if Háfiz meant quite otherwise by a similar language, he surely miscalculated when he devoted his Life and Genius to so equivocal a Psalmody as, from his Day to

this, has been said and sung by any rather than Spiritual Worshipers.

However, as there is some traditional presumption, and certainly the opinion of some learned men, in favour of Omar's being a Súfi—and even something of a Saint—those who please may so interpret his Wine and Cup-bearer. On the other hand, as there is far more historical certainty of his being a Philosopher, of scientific Insight and Ability far beyond that of the Age and Country he lived in; of such moderate worldly Ambition as becomes a Philosopher, and such moderate wants as rarely satisfy a Debauchee; other readers may be content to believe with me that, while the Wine Omar celebrates is simply the Juice of the Grape, he bragged more than he drank of it, in very defiance perhaps of that Spiritual Wine which left its Votaries sunk in Hypocrisy or Disgust.

RUBÁIYÁT

OF

OMAR KHAYYÁM OF NAISHÁPÚR.



I.

WAKE! For the Sun, who scatter'd into
flight
The Stars before him from the Field of
Night,
Drives Night along with them from
Heav'n, and strikes
The Sultán's Turret with a Shaft of
Light.

II.

Before the phantom of False morning
died,
Methought a Voice within the Tavern
cried,

“When all the Temple is prepared
within,
“Why nods the drowsy Worshipper
outside?”

III.

And, as the Cock crew, those who stood
before
The Tavern shouted — “Open then the
Door!

“You know how little while we have
to stay,
“And, once departed, may return no
more.”

IV.

Now the New Year reviving old De-
sires,
The thoughtful Soul to Solitude re-
tires,

Where the WHITE HAND OF MOSES
on the Bough
Puts out, and Jesus from the Ground
suspIRES.

V.

Iram indeed is gone with all his Rose,
And Jamskyd's Sev'n-ring'd Cup where
no one knows;

But still a Ruby kindles in the Vine,
And many a Garden by the Water
blows.

VI.

And David's lips are lockt; but in
divine
High-piping Pehlevi, with "Wine!
Wine! Wine!"

"Red Wine!"—the Nightingale cries
to the Rose
That sallow cheek of hers to' incarna-
dine.

VII.

Come, fill the Cup, and in the fire of
Spring
Your Winter garment of Repentance
fling:

The Bird of Time has but a little
way
To flutter—and the Bird is on the
Wing.

VIII.

Whether at Naishápúr or Babylon,
Whether the Cup with sweet or bitter
run,
The Wine of Life keeps oozing drop
by drop,
The Leaves of Life keep falling one by
one.

IX.

Each Morn a thousand Roses brings,
you say:
Yes, but where leaves the Rose of Yes-
terday?
And this first Summer month that
brings the Rose
Shall take Jamshyd and Kaikobád
away.

X.

Well, let it take them! What have we
to do
With Kaikobád the Great, or Kai-
khosrú?
Let Zál and Rustum bluster as they
will,
Or Hátim call to Supper—heed not
you.

XI.

With me along the strip of Herbage
strown
That just divides the desert from the
sown,
Where name of Slave and Sultán is
forgot—
And Peace to Mahmúd on his golden
Throne!

XII.

A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread—and
Thou

Beside me singing in the Wilder-
ness —
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow !

XIII.

Some for the Glories of This World;
and some
Sigh for the Prophet's Paradise to
come;
Ah, take the Cash, and let the Credit
go,
Nor heed the rumble of a distant
Drum !

XIV.

Look to the blowing Rose about us —
“Lo,
“Laughing,” she says, “into the world
I blow,
“At once the silken tassel of my
Purse
“Tear, and its Treasure on the Garden
throw.”

XV.

And those who husbanded the Golden
grain,
And those who flung it to the winds
like Rain,
Alike to no such aureate Earth are
turn'd
As, buried once, Men want dug up
again.

XVI.

The Worldly Hope men set their Hearts
upon
Turns Ashes — or it prospers; and
anon,
Like Snow upon the Desert's dusty
Face,
Lighting a little hour or two — is gone.

XVII.

Think, in this batter'd Caravanserai
Whose Portals are alternate Night and
Day,

How Sultán after Sultán with his
Pomp
Abode his destined Hour, and went his
way.

XVIII.

They say the Lion and the Lizard
keep
The Courts where Janshyd gloried and
drank deep :
And Bahráh, that great Hunter—the
Wild Ass
Stamps o'er his Head, but cannot break
his Sleep.

XIX.

I sometimes think that never blows so
red
The Rose as where some buried Cæsar
bled;
That every Hyacinth the Garden wears
Dropt in her Lap from some once lovely
Head.

XX.

And this reviving Herb whose tender
 Green
 Fledges the River-Lip on which we
 lean —
 Ah, lean upon it lightly! for who
 knows
 From what once lovely Lip it springs
 unseen!

XXI.

Ah, my Belovéd, fill the Cup that clears
 To-DAY of past Regrets and future
 Fears:
To-morrow! — *Why, To-morrow I may*
 be
Myself with Yesterday's Sev'n thousand
 Years.

XXII.

For some we loved, the loveliest and the
 best
 That from his Vintage rolling Time hath
 prest,

Have drunk their Cup a Round or two
before,
And one by one crept silently to rest.

XXIII.

And we, that now make merry in the
Room
They left, and Summer dresses in new
bloom,
Ourselves must we beneath the Couch
of Earth
Descend — ourselves to make a Couch —
for whom?

XXIV.

Ah, make the most of what we yet may
spend,
Before we too into the Dust descend;
Dust into Dust, and under Dust to
lie,
Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer, and —
sans End !

XXV.

Alike for those who for TO-DAY prepare,
And those that after some TO-MORROW
stare,

A Muezzin from the Tower of Dark-
ness cries,
“Fools! your Reward is neither Here
nor There.”

XXVI.

Why, all the Saints and Sages who dis-
cuss'd

Of the Two Worlds so wisely — they
are thrust

Like foolish Prophets forth; their
Words to Scorn

Are scatter'd, and their Mouths are stopt
with Dust.

XXVII.

Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Doctor and Saint, and heard great argu-
ment

About it and about: but evermore
Came out by the same door where in I
went.

XXVIII.

With them the seed of Wisdom did I
sow,
And with mine own hand wrought to
make it grow;
And this was all the Harvest that I
reap'd —
“I came like Water, and like Wind I
go.”

XXIX.

Into this Universe, and *Why* not know-
ing
Nor *Whence*, like Water willy-nilly
flowing;
And out of it, as Wind along the
Waste,
I know not *Whither*, willy-nilly blow-
ing.

XXX.

What, without asking, hither hurried
 Whence?
And, without asking, *Whither* hurried
 hence!
 Oh, many a Cup of this forbidden
 Wine
Must drown the memory of that inso-
 lence!

XXXI.

Up from Earth's Centre through the
 Seventh Gate
I rose, and on the Throne of Saturn sate,
 And many a Knot unravel'd by the
 Road;
But not the Master-knot of Human
 Fate.

XXXII.

There was the Door to which I found
 no Key;
There was the Veil through which I
 might not see:

Some little talk awhile of ME and
THEE
There was—and then no more of THEE
and ME.

XXXIII.

Earth could not answer; nor the Seas
that mourn
In flowing Purple, of their Lord for-
lorn;
Nor rolling Heaven, with all his Signs
reveal'd
And hidden by the sleeve of Night and
Morn.

XXXIV.

Then of the THEE IN ME who works
behind
The Veil, I lifted up my hands to find
A lamp amid the Darkness; and I
heard,
As from Without—"THE ME WITHIN
THEE BLIND!"

XXXV.

Then to the Lip of this poor earthen Urn
I lean'd, the Secret of my Life to learn:
And Lip to Lip it murmur'd —
“While you live,
“Drink! — for, once dead, you never
shall return.”

XXXVI.

I think the Vessel, that with fugitive
Articulation answer'd, once did live,
And drink; and Ah! the passive
Lip I kiss'd,
How many Kisses might it take — and
give!

XXXVII.

For I remember stopping by the way
To watch a Potter thumping his wet
Clay:
And with its all-obliterated Tongue
It murmur'd — “Gently, Brother, gen-
tly, pray!”

XXXVIII.

And has not such a Story from of
Old
Down Man's successive generations
roll'd
Of such a clod of saturated Earth
Cast by the Maker into Human
mould?

XXXIX.

And not a drop that from our Cups we
throw
For Earth to drink of, but may steal
below
To quench the fire of Anguish in
some Eye
There hidden — far beneath, and long
ago.

XL.

As then the Tulip for her morning
sup
Of Heav'nly Vintage from the soil looks
up,

Do you devoutly do the like, till
Heav'n
To Earth invert you—like an empty
Cup.

XLII.

Perplex no more with Human or
Divine,
To-morrow's tangle to the winds re-
sign,
And lose your fingers in the tresses
of
The Cypress-slender Minister of Wine.

XLII.

And if the Wine you drink, the Lip you
press,
End in what All begins and ends in—
Yes;
Think then you are TO-DAY what
YESTERDAY
You were—TO-MORROW you shall not
be less.

XLIII.

So when that Angel of the darker
 Drink
At last shall find you by the river-
 brink,
And, offering his Cup, invite your
 Soul
Forth to your Lips to quaff—you shall
 not shrink.

XLIV.

Why, if the Soul can fling the Dust
 aside,
And naked on the Air of Heaven ride,
 Werc't not a Shame — were't not a
 Shame for him
In this clay carcase crippled to abide?

XLV.

'Tis but a Tent where takes his one
 day's rest
A Sultán to the realm of Death ad-
 drest;

The Sultán rises, and the dark Fer-
rásh
Strikes, and prepares it for another
Guest.

XLVI.

And fear not lest Existence closing
your
Account, and mine, should know the like
no more ;
The Eternal Sáki from that Bowl has
pour'd
Millions of Bubbles like us, and will
pour.

XLVII.

When You and I behind the Veil are
past,
Oh, but the long, long while the World
shall last,
Which of our Coming and Departure
heeds
As the Sea's self should heed a pebble-
cast.

XLVIII.

A Moment's Halt—a momentary taste
Of BEING from the Well amid the
Waste—

And Lo!—the phantom Caravan has
reach'd
The NOTHING it set out from—Oh,
make haste!

XLIX.

Would you that spangle of Existence
spend
About THE SECRET—quick about it,
Friend!

A Hair perhaps divides the False and
True—
And upon what, prithee, may life de-
pend?

L.

A Hair perhaps divides the False and
True;
Yes; and a single Alif were the clue—

Could you but find it—to the Treas-
ure-house,
And peradventure to THE MASTER too;

LI.

Whose secret Presence, through Crea-
tion's veins
Running Quicksilver-like eludes your
pains;
Taking all shapes from Máh to
Máhi; and
They change and perish all—but He
remains;

LII.

A moment guess'd—then back behind
the Fold
Immerst of Darkness round the Drama
roll'd
Which, for the Pastime of Eternity,
He doth Himself contrive, enact, be-
hold.

LIII.

But if in vain, down on the stubborn
 floor
 Of Earth, and up to Heav'n's unopening
 Door,
 You gaze TO-DAY, while You are You
 —how then
 To-MORROW, when You shall be You no
 more?

LIV.

Waste not your Hour, nor in the vain
 pursuit
 Of This and That endeavour and dis-
 pute ;
 Better be jocund with the fruitful
 Grape
 Than sadden after none, or bitter, Fruit.

LV.

You know, my Friends, with what a
 brave Carouse
 I made a Second Marriage in my house ;

Divorced old barren Reason from my
Bed,
And took the Daughter of the Vine to
Spouse.

LVI.

For "Is" and "IS-NOT" though with
Rule and Line
And "UP-AND-DOWN" by Logic I de-
fine,
Of all that one should care to
fathom, I
Was never deep in anything but—
Wine.

LVII.

Ah, but my Computations, People say,
Reduced the Year to better reckoning?
—Nay,
'Twas only striking from the Cal-
endar
Unborn To-morrow and dead Yester-
day.

LVIII.

And lately, by the Tavern Door agape,
 Came shining through the Dusk an
 Angel Shape
 Bearing a Vessel on his Shoulder;
 and
 He bid me taste of it; and 'twas—the
 Grape!

LIX.

The Grape that can with Logic absolute
 lute
 The Two-and-Seventy jarring Sects confute:
 The sovereign Alchemist that in a
 trice
 Life's leaden metal into Gold transmute:

LX.

The mighty Mahmúd, Allah-breathing
 Lord,
 That all the misbelieving and black
 Horde

Of Fears and Sorrows that infest the
Soul
Scatters before him with his whirlwind
Sword.

LXI.

Why, be this Juice the growth of God,
who dare
BlaspHEME the twisted tendril as a
Snare?
A Blessing, we should use it, should
we not?
And if a Curse — why, then, Who set
it there?

LXII.

I must abjure the Balm of Life, I must,
Scared by some After-reckoning ta'en
on trust,
Or lured with Hope of some Diviner
Drink,
To fill the Cup — when crumbled into
Dust!

Oh threats of Hell and Hopes of Paradise!

One thing at least is certain—*This* Life
flies;

One thing is certain and the rest is
Lies;

The Flower that once has blown for
ever dies.

LXIV.

Strange, is it not? that of the myriads
who

Before us pass'd the door of Darkness
through,

Not one returns to tell us of the
Road,

Which to discover we must travel too.

LXV.

The Revelations of Devout and Learn'd
Who rose before us, and as Prophets
burn'd,

Are all but Stories, which, awoke
from Sleep
They told their comrades, and to Sleep
return'd.

LXVI.

I sent my Soul through the Invisi-
ble,
Some letter of that After-life to spell:
And by and by my Soul return'd to
me,
And answer'd "I Myself am Heav'n
and Hell:"

LXVII.

Heav'n but the Vision of fulfill'd De-
sire,
And Hell the Shadow from a Soul on
fire,
Cast on the Darkness into which Our-
selves,
So late emerged from, shall so soon
expire.

LXVIII.

We are no other than a moving row
 Of Magic Shadow-shapes that come and
 go
 Round with the Sun-illuminated Lan-
 tern held
 In Midnight by the Master of the
 Show;

LXIX.

But helpless Pieces of the Game He
 plays
 Upon this Chequer-board of Nights and
 Days;
 Hither and thither moves, and checks,
 and slays,
 And one by one back in the Closet
 lays.

LXX.

The Ball no question makes of Ayes
 and Noes,
 But Here or There as strikes the Player
 goes;

And He that toss'd you down into
the Field,
He knows about it all—*HE* knows—
HE knows!

LXXI.

The Moving Finger writes; and, having
writ,
Moves on: nor all your Piety nor
Wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a
Line,
Nor all your Tears wash out a Word
of it.

LXXII.

And that inverted Bowl they call the
Sky,
Whereunder crawling coop'd we live and
die,
Lift not your hands to *It* for help—
for *It*
As impotently moves as you or I.

LXXIII.

With Earth's first Clay They did the
 Last Man knead,
 And there of the Last Harvest sow'd
 the Seed:
 And the first Morning of Creation
 wrote
 What the Last Dawn of Reckoning shall
 read.

LXXIV.

YESTERDAY *This* Day's Madness did
 prepare;
 To-MORROW's Silence, Triumph, or De-
 spair:
 Drink! for you know not whence you
 came, nor why:
 Drink! for you know not why you go,
 nor where.

LXXV.

I tell you this — When, started from the
 Goal,
 Over the flaming shoulders of the Foal

Of Heav'n Parwin and Mushtari they
flung,
In my predestined Plot of Dust and
Soul

LXXVI.

The Vine had struck a fibre: which
about
If clings my Being—let the Dervish
flout;
Of my Base metal may be filed a Key
That shall unlock the Door he howls
without.

LXXVII.

And this I know: whether the one True
Light
Kindle to Love, or Wrath-consume me
quite,
One Flash of It within the Tavern
caught
Better than in the Temple lost out-
right.

LXXVIII.

What! out of senseless Nothing to pro-
voke
A conscious Something to resent the
yoke
Of unpermitted Pleasure, under pain
Of Everlasting Penalties, if broke!

LXXIX.

What! from his helpless Creature be
repaid
Pure Gold for what he lent him dross-
allay'd —
Sue for a Debt he never did con-
tract,
And cannot answer — Oh the sorry
trade!

LXXX.

Oh Thou, who didst with pitfall and
with gin
Beset the Road I was to wander in,

Thou wilt not with Predestined Evil
round
Enmesh, and then impute my Fall to
Sin!

LXXXI.

Oh Thou, who Man of baser Earth didst
make,
And ev'n with Paradise devise the
Snake:
For all the Sin wherewith the Face
of Man
Is blacken'd — Man's forgiveness give —
and take!

* * * * *

LXXXII.

As under cover of departing Day
Slunk hunger-stricken Ramazán away,
Once more within the Potter's house
alone
I stood, surrounded by the Shapes of
Clay.

G

LXXXIII.

Shapes of all Sorts and Sizes, great and
 small,
 That stood along the floor and by the
 wall;
 And some loquacious Vessels were;
 and some
 Listen'd perhaps, but never talk'd at all.

LXXXIV.

Said one among them — "Surely not in
 vain
 "My substance of the common Earth
 was ta'en
 "And to this Figure moulded, to be
 broke,
 "Or trampled back to shapeless Earth
 again."

LXXXV.

Then said a Second — "Ne'er a peevish
 Boy
 "Would break the Bowl from which he
 drank in joy;

“And He that with his hand the
Vessel made
“Will surely not in after Wrath de-
stroy.”

LXXXVI.

After a momentary silence spake
Some Vessel of a more ungainly
Make;
“They sneer at me for leaning all
awry:
“What! did the Hand then of the
Potter shake?”

LXXXVII.

Whereat some one of the loquacious
Lot —
I think a Súfi pipkin — waxing hot —
“All this of Pot and Potter — Tell
me, then,
“Who is the Potter, pray, and who the
Pot?”

“Why,” said another, “Some there are
who tell

“Of one who threatens he will toss to
Hell

“The luckless Pots he marr’d in mak-
ing — Pish !

“He’s a Good Fellow, and ’twill all be
well.”

LXXXIX.

“Well,” murmur’d one, “Let whoso
make or buy,

“My Clay with long Oblivion is gone
dry :

“But fill me with the old familiar
Juice,

“Methinks I might recover by and by.”

XC.

So while the Vessels one by one were
speaking,

The little Moon look’d in that all were
seeking :

And then they jogg'd each other,
"Brother! Brother!
"Now for the Porter's shoulder-knot
a-creaking!"

* * * * *

· XCI.

Ah, with the Grape my fading life provide,
And wash the Body whence the Life
has died,
And lay me, shrouded in the living
Leaf,
By some not unfrequented Garden-side.

XCII.

That ev'n my buried Ashes such a
snare
Of Vintage shall fling up into the
Air
As not a True-believer passing by
But shall be overtaken unaware.

XCVI.

Indeed the Idols I have loved so
long
Have done my credit in this World
much wrong :
Have drown'd my Glory in a shallow
Cup,
And sold my Reputation for a Song.

XCVII.

Indeed, indeed, Repentance oft before
I swore — but was I sober when I
swore ?
And then and then came Spring, and
Rose-in-hand
My thread-bare Penitence apieces tore.

XCVIII.

And much as Wine has play'd the
Infidel,
And robb'd me of my Robe of Honour
— Well,

I wonder often what the Vintners
buy
One half so precious as the stuff they
sell.

XCVI.

Yet Ah, that Spring should vanish with
the Rose!
That Youth's sweet-scented manuscript
should close!
The Nightingale that in the branches
sang,
Ah whence, and whither flown again, who
knows!

XCVII.

Would but the Desert of the Fountain
yield
One glimpse—if dimly, yet indeed, re-
veal'd,
To which the fainting Traveller might
spring,
As springs the trampled herbage of the
field!

XCVIII.

Would but some wingéd Angel ere too
late
Arrest the yet unfolded Roll of Fate,
And make the stern Recorder otherwise
Enregister, or quite obliterate!

XCIX.

Ah Love! could you and I with Him
conspire
To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things
entire,
Would not we shatter it to bits—
and then
Re-mould it nearer to the Heart's De-
sire!

* * * * *

C.

Yon rising Moon that looks for us
again—
How oft hereafter will she wax and
wane;

How oft hereafter rising look for us
Through this same Garden — and for *one*
in vain!

CL.

And when like her, oh Sáki, you shall
pass
Among the Guests Star-scatter'd on the
Grass,
And in your joyous errand reach the
spot
Where I made One — turn down an
empty Glass!

TAMAM.

NOTES.

(Stanza II.) The "*False Dawn*"; *Subhi Kázib*, a transient Light on the Horizon about an hour before the *Subhi sádk*, or True Dawn; a well-known Phenomenon in the East.

(IV.) New Year. Beginning with the Vernal Equinox, it must be remembered; and (howsoever the old Solar Year is practically superseded by the clumsy *Lunar* Year that dates from the Mohammedan Hijra) still commemorated by a Festival that is said to have been appointed by the very Jamshyd whom Omar so often talks of, and whose yearly Calendar he helped to rectify.

"The sudden approach and rapid advance of the Spring," says Mr Binning,¹ "are very striking. Before the Snow is well off the

¹ *Two Years' Travel in Persia*, &c. i. 165.

Ground, the Trees burst into Blossom, and the Flowers start forth from the Soil. At *Now Rooz* [*their* New Year's Day] the Snow was lying in patches on the Hills and in the shaded Vallies, while the Fruit-trees in the Gardens were budding beautifully, and green Plants and Flowers springing up on the Plains on every side—

‘And on old Hyems’ Chin and icy Crown
‘An odorous Chaplet of sweet Summer buds
‘Is, as in mockery, set.’—

Among the Plants newly appeared I recognised some old Acquaintances I had not seen for many a Year: among these, two varieties of the Thistle—a coarse species of Daisy like the ‘Horse-gowan’—red and white Clover—the Dock—the blue Cornflower—and that vulgar Herb the Dandelion rearing its yellow crest on the Banks of the Water-courses.” The Nightingale was not yet heard, for the Rose was not yet blown: but an almost identical Blackbird and Woodpecker helped to make up something of a North-country Spring.

“The White Hand of Moses.” Exodus iv. 6; where Moses draws forth his Hand—not, according to the Persians, “*leprous as Snow*,”—but *white*, as our May-blossom in Spring perhaps. According to them also the Healing Power of Jesus resided in his Breath.

(v.) Iram, planted by King Shaddád, and now sunk somewhere in the Sands of Arabia. Jamshyd’s Seven-ring’d Cup was typical of the 7 Heavens, 7 Planets, 7 Seas, &c., and was a *Divining Cup*.

(vi.) *Pehlevi*, the old Heroic *Sanskrit* of Persia. Háfiz also speaks of the Nightingale’s *Pehlevi*, which did not change with the People’s.

I am not sure if the fourth line refers to the Red Rose looking sickly, or to the Yellow Rose that ought to be Red; Red, White, and Yellow Roses all common in Persia. I think that Southey, in his *Common-Place Book*, quotes from some Spanish author about the Rose being White till 10 o’clock; “*Rosa Perfecta*” at 2; and “*perfecta incarnada*” at 5.

(x.) Rustum, the "Hercules" of Persia, and Zál his Father, whose exploits are among the most celebrated in the Sháh-náma. Hátim Tai, a well-known type of Oriental Generosity.

(xiii.) A Drum—beaten outside a Palace.

(xiv.) That is, the Rose's Golden Centre.

(xviii.) Persepolis: call'd also *Takht-i Jamshyd*—THE THRONE OF JAMSHYD, "*King Splendid*," of the mythical *Peshdádian* Dynasty, and supposed (according to the Sháh-náma) to have been founded and built by him. Others refer it to the Work of the Genie King, Ján Ibn Ján—who also built the Pyramids—before the time of Adam.

BAHRÁM GÚR—*Bakram of the Wild Ass*—a Sassanian Sovereign—had also his Seven Castles (like the King of Bohemia!) each of a different Colour: each with a Royal Mistress within; each of whom tells him a Story, as told in one of the most famous Poems of Persia, written by Amír Khusraw: all these Sevens also figuring

(according to Eastern Mysticism) the Seven Heavens; and perhaps the Book itself that Eighth, into which the mystical Seven transcend, and within which they revolve. The Ruins of Three of those Towers are yet shown by the Peasantry; as also the Swamp in which Bahráṁ sunk, like the Master of Ravenswood, while pursuing his *Gúr*.

The Palace that to Heav'n his pillars threw,
And Kings the forehead on his threshold drew —
I saw the solitary Ringdove there,
And "Coo, coo, coo," she cried; and "Coo, coo,
coo."

This Quatrain Mr Binning found, among several of Háfiz and others, inscribed by some stray hand among the ruins of Persepolis. The Ringdove's ancient *Pehlevi* *Coo, Coo, Coo*, signifies also in Persian "*Where? Where? Where?*" In Attár's "Bird-parliament" she is reproved by the Leader of the Birds for sitting still, and for ever harping on that one note of lamentation for her lost Yúsuf.

Apropos of Omar's Red Roses in Stanza xix, I am reminded of an old English Superstition, that our Anemone Pulsatilla, or purple "Pasque Flower" (which grows plentifully about the Fleam Dyke, near Cambridge), grows only where Danish Blood has been spilt.

(xxi.) A thousand years to each Planet.

(xxxi.) Saturn, Lord of the Seventh Heaven.

(xxxii.) ME-AND-THEE: some dividual Existence or Personality distinct from the Whole.

(xxxvii.) One of the Persian Poets — Attár, I think — has a pretty story about this. A thirsty Traveller dips his hand into a Spring of Water to drink from. By-and-by comes another who draws up and drinks from an earthen Bowl, and then departs, leaving his Bowl behind him. The first Traveller takes it up for another draught; but is surprised to find that the same Water which had tasted sweet from his own hand tastes bitter from the earthen

Bowl. But a Voice — from Heaven, I think — tells him the clay from which the Bowl is made was once *Man*; and, into whatever shape renewed, can never lose the bitter flavour of Mortality.

(xxxix.) The custom of throwing a little Wine on the ground before drinking still continues in Persia, and perhaps generally in the East. Mons. Nicolas considers it “un signe de libéralité, et en même temps un avertissement que le buveur doit vider sa coupe jusqu’à la dernière goutte.” Is it not more likely an ancient Superstition; a Libation to propitiate Earth, or make her an Accomplice in the illicit Revel? Or, perhaps, to divert the Jealous Eye by some sacrifice of superfluity, as with the Ancients of the West? With Omar we see something more is signified; the precious Liquor is not lost, but sinks into the ground to refresh the dust of some poor Wine-worshipper foregone.

Thus Háfiz, copying Omar in so many ways: “When thou drinkest Wine pour a

draught on the ground. Wherefore fear the Sin which brings to another Gain?"

(XLIII.) According to one beautiful Oriental Legend, Azrael accomplishes his mission by holding to the nostril an Apple from the Tree of Life.

This and the two following Stanzas would have been withdrawn, as somewhat *de trop*, from the Text, but for advice which I least like to disregard.

(LI.) From Máh to Máhi; from Fish to Moon.

(LVI.) A Jest, of course, at his Studies. A curious mathematical Quatrain of Omar's has been pointed out to me; the more curious because almost exactly parallel'd by some Verses of Doctor Donne's, that are quoted in Izaak Walton's Lives! Here is Omar: "You and I are the image of a pair of compasses; though we have two heads (sc. our *feet*) we have one body; when we have fixed the centre for our circle, we bring our heads (sc. feet) together at the end." Dr Donne:

H

If we be two, we two are so
As stiff twin-compasses are two;
Thy Soul, the fixt foot, makes no show
To move, but does if the other do.

And though thine in the centre sit,
Yet when my other far does roam,
Thine leans and hearkens after it,
And grows erect as mine comes home.

Such thou must be to me, who must
Like the other foot obliquely run;
Thy firmness makes my circle just,
And me to end where I begun.

(LIX.) The Seventy-two Religions supposed to divide the World, *including* Islamism, as some think: but others not.

(LX.) Alluding to Sultan Mahmúd's Conquest of India and its dark people.

(LXVIII.) *Fánúsi khiyál*, a Magic-lantern still used in India; the cylindrical Interior being painted with various Figures. and so lightly poised and ventilated as to revolve round the lighted Candle within.

(LXX.) A very mysterious Line in the Original:

O dánad O dánad O dánad O —

breaking off something like our Wood-pigeon's Note, which she is said to take up just where she left off.

(LXXV.) Parwín and Mushtarí—The Pleiads and Jupiter.

(LXXXVII.) This Relation of Pot and Potter to Man and his Maker figures far and wide in the Literature of the World, from the time of the Hebrew Prophets to the present; when it may finally take the name of "Pot theism," by which Mr Carlyle ridiculed Sterling's "Panthéism." *My* Sheikh, whose knowledge flows in from all quarters, writes to me—

"Apropos of old Omar's Pots, did I ever tell you the sentence I found in 'Bishop Pearson on the Creed'? 'Thus are we wholly at the disposal of His will, and our present and future condition framed and ordered by His free, but wise and just, decrees. *Hath not the potter power over the clay, of the same lump to make one vessel unto honour, and another unto dishonour?* (Rom. ix. 21.) And can that earth-artificer

have a freer power over his *brother pot-sherd* (both being made of the same metal), than God hath over him, who, by the strange fecundity of His omnipotent power, first made the clay out of nothing, and then him out of that?'"

And again—from a very different quarter—"I had to refer the other day to Aristophanes, and came by chance on a curious Speaking-pot story in the *Vespæ*, which I had quite forgotten.

Φιλοκλέων. Ἄκουε, μὴ φεῦγ' ἐν Συβάρει γυνή
ποτε
κατιάξ' ἐχίνον. l. 1435

Κατήγορος. Ταῦτ' ἐγὼ μαρτύρομαι.
Φι. Οὐχίνος οὖν ἔχων τιν' ἐπεμαρτύρατο
Εἰθ' ἡ Συβαρίτις εἶπεν, εἰ ναὶ τὰν
κόραν
τὴν μαρτυρίαν ταύτην ἔασας, ἐν τάχει
ἐπίδεσμον ἐπρίω, νοῦν ἂν εἶχες πλείονα.

"The Pot calls a bystander to be a witness to his bad treatment. The woman says, 'If, by Proserpine, instead of all this 'testifying' (comp. Cuddie and his mother

in 'Old Mortality!') you would buy yourself a rivet, it would show more sense in you!' The Scholiast explains *echinus* as ἄγγος τι ἐκ κεράμων."

One more illustration for the oddity's sake from the "Autobiography of a Cornish Rector," by the late James Hamley Tregenna. 1871.

"There was one old Fellow in our Company—he was so like a Figure in the 'Pilgrim's Progress' that Richard always called him the 'ALLEGORY,' with a long white beard—a rare Appendage in those days—and a Face the colour of which seemed to have been baked in, like the Faces one used to see on Earthenware Jugs. In our Country-dialect Earthenware is called 'Clome'; so the Boys of the Village used to shout out after him—'Go back to the Potter, old Clome-face, and get baked over again.' For the 'Allegory,' though shrewd enough in most things, had the reputation of being '*saift-baked*,' i.e., of weak intellect."

(xc.) At the Close of the Fasting Month, Ramazán (which makes the Musulman unhealthy and unamiable), the first Glimpse of the New Moon (who rules their division of the Year), is looked for with the utmost Anxiety, and hailed with Acclamation. Then it is that the Porter's Knot may be heard—toward the *Cellar*. Omar has elsewhere a pretty Quatrain about the same Moon—

“Be of Good Cheer—the sullen Month will die,
“And a young Moon requite us by and by :
“Look how the Old one meagre, bent, and wan
“With Age and Fast, is fainting from the Sky !”

[*The first Edition of the translation of Omar Khayyám, which appeared in 1859, differs so much from those which followed, that it has been thought better to print it in full, instead of attempting to record the differences.*]



I.

AWAKE! for Morning in the Bowl of
Night
Has flung the Stone that puts the Stars
to Flight:
And Lo! the Hunter of the East has
caught
The Sultán's Turret in a Noose of Light.

II.

Dreaming when Dawn's Left Hand was
in the Sky
I heard a Voice within the Tavern cry,

“Awake, my Little ones, and fill the
Cup
“Before Life’s Liquor in its Cup be
dry.”

III.

And, as the Cock crew, those who stood
before
The Tavern shouted — “Open then the
Door !

“You know how little while we have
to stay,
“And, once departed, may return no
more.”

IV.

Now the New Year reviving old De-
sires,
The thoughtful Soul to Solitude re-
tires,

Where the WHITE HAND OF MOSES
on the Bough
Puts out, and Jesus from the Ground
suspIRES.

V.

Irám indeed is gone with all its Rose,
 And Jamshýd's Sev'n-ring'd Cup where
 no one knows;
 But still the Vine her ancient Ruby
 yields,
 And still a Garden by the Water
 blows.

VI.

And David's Lips are lock't; but in
 divine
 High piping Péhlevi, with "Wine!
 Wine! Wine!
 "*Red* Wine!"—the Nightingale cries
 to the Rose
 That yellow Cheek of her's to'incarna-
 dine.

VII.

Come, fill the Cup, and in the Fire of
 Spring
 The Winter Garment of Repentance
 fling:

The Bird of Time has but a little way
To fly — and Lo ! the Bird is on the
Wing.

VIII.

And look — a thousand Blossoms with
the Day
Woke — and a thousand scatter'd into
Clay :
And this first Summer Month that
brings the Rose
Shall take Jamshýd and Kaikobád away.

IX.

But come with old Khayyám, and leave
the Lot
Of Kaikobád and Kaikhosrú forgot !
Let Rustum lay about him as he will,
Or Hátim Tai cry Supper — heed them
not.

X.

With me along some Strip of Herbage
strown
That just divides the desert from the sown,

Where name of Slave and Sultán
scarce is known,
And pity Sultán Máhmúd on his
Throne.

XI.

Here with a Loaf of Bread beneath the
Bough,
A Flask of Wine, a Book of Verse —
and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilder-
ness —
And Wilderness is Paradise enow.

XII.

“How sweet is mortal Sovranty!” —
think some:
Others — “How blest the Paradise to
come!”
Ah, take the Cash in hand and wave
the Rest:
Oh, the brave Music of a *distant* Drum!

XIII.

Look to the Rose that blows about us
— “Lo,
“Laughing,” she says, “into the World
I blow:
“At once the silken Tassel of my
Purse
“Tear, and its Treasure on the Garden
throw.”

XIV.

The Worldly Hope men set their Hearts
upon
Turns Ashes — or it prospers; and anon,
Like Snow upon the Desert’s dusty
Face
Lighting a little Hour or two — is gone.

XV.

And those who husbanded the Golden
Grain,
And those who flung it to the Winds
like Rain,

Alike to no such aureate Earth are
turn'd
As, buried once, Men want dug up
again.

XVI.

Think, in this batter'd Caravanserai
Whose Doorways are alternate Night
and Day,
How Sultán after Sultán with his
Pomp
Abode his Hour or two, and went his
way.

XVII.

They say the Lion and the Lizard
keep
The Courts where Jamshýd gloried and
drank deep;
And Bahráh, that great Hunter — the
Wild Ass
Stamps o'er his Head, and he lies fast
asleep.

XVIII.

I sometimes think that never blows so red
The Rose as where some buried Cæsar
bled;

That every Hyacinth the Garden
wears
Dropt in its Lap from some once lovely
Head.

XIX.

And this delightful Herb whose tender
Green
Fledges the River's Lip on which we
lean —

Ah, lean upon it lightly! for who
knows
From what once lovely Lip it springs
unseen!

XX.

Ah, my Belovéd, fill the Cup that
clears
To-DAY of past Regrets and future
Fears--

To-morrow? — Why, To-morrow I may
be
Myself with Yesterday's Sev'n Thousand
Years.

XXI.

Lo! some we loved, the loveliest and
best
That Time and Fate of all their Vin-
tage prest,
Have drunk their Cup a Round or
two before,
And one by one crept silently to
Rest.

XXII.

And we, that now make merry in the
Room
They left, and Summer dresses in new
Bloom,
Ourselves must we beneath the Couch
of Earth
Descend, ourselves to make a Couch —
for whom?

XXIII.

Ah, make the most of what we yet may
 spend,
 Before we too into the Dust descend;
 Dust into Dust, and under Dust, to
 lie,
 Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer, and
 — sans End!

XXIV.

Alike for those who for TO-DAY pre-
 pare,
 And those that after a TO-MORROW stare,
 A Muezzin from the Tower of Dark-
 ness cries
 “Fools! your Reward is neither Here
 nor There!”

XXV.

Why, all the Saints and Sages who dis-
 cuss'd
 Of the Two Worlds so learnedly, are
 thrust

Like foolish Prophets forth; their
Words to Scorn
Are scatter'd, and their Mouths are stopt
with Dust.

XXVI.

Oh, come with old Khayyám, and leave
the Wise
To talk; one thing is certain, that Life
flies;
One thing is certain, and the Rest is
Lies;
The Flower that once has blown for
ever dies.

XXVII.

Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Doctor and Saint, and heard great Argument
About it and about: but evermore
Came out by the same Door as in I
went.

XXVIII.

With them the Seed of Wisdom did I sow,
And with my own hand labour'd it to
grow :

And this was all the Harvest that I
reap'd —
“I came like Water, and like Wind I
go.”

XXIX.

Into this Universe, and *why* not know-
ing,
Nor *whence*, like Water willy-nilly flow-
ing :

And out of it, as Wind along the
Waste,
I know not *whither*, willy-nilly blowing.

XXX.

What, without asking, hither hurried
whence?

And, without asking, *whither* hurried
hence !

Another and another Cup to draw
The Memory of this Impertinence !

XXXI.

Up from Earth's Centre through the
Seventh Gate
I rose, and on the Throne of Saturn sate.
And many Knots unravel'd by the Road;
But not the Knot of Human Death and
Fate.

XXXII.

There was a Door to which I found no
Key:
There was a Veil past which I could
not see :
Some little Talk awhile of ME and
THEE
There seem'd—and then no more of
THEE and ME.

XXXIII.

Then to the rolling Heav'n itself I cried,
Asking, "What Lamp had Destiny to
guide

“Her little Children stumbling in the
Dark?”
And — “A blind Understanding !
Heav’n replied.

xxxiv.

Then to this earthen Bowl did I ad-
 journal
My Lip the secret Well of Life to
 learn :
And Lip to Lip it murmur’d —
 “While you live
“Drink! — for once dead you never
 shall return.”

xxxv.

I think the Vessel, that with fugi-
 tive
Articulation answer’d, once did live,
And merry-make ; and the cold Lip I
 kiss’d
How many Kisses might it take — and
 give !

XXXVI.

For in the Market-place, one Dusk of
 Day,
 I watch'd the Potter thumping his wet
 Clay:
 And with its all obliterated Tongue
 It murmur'd — "Gently, Brother, gently,
 pray!"

XXXVII.

Ah, fill the Cup:—what boots it to
 repeat
 How Time is slipping underneath our
 Feet:
 Unborn TO-MORROW, and dead YES-
 TERDAY,
 Why fret about them if TO-DAY be
 sweet!

XXXVIII.

One Moment in Annihilation's Waste,
 One Moment, of the Well of Life to
 taste —

The Stars are setting and the Cara-
van
Starts for the Dawn of Nothing—Oh,
make haste!

XXXIX.

How long, how long, in infinite Pur-
suit
Of This and That endeavour and dis-
pute?
Better be merry with the fruitful
Grape
Than sadden after none, or bitter, Fruit.

XL.

You know, my Friends, how long since
in my House
For a new Marriage I did make Ca-
rouse :
Divorced old barren Reason from my
Bed,
And took the Daughter of the Vine to
Spouse.

XXI.

For "Is" and "Is-NOT" though *with*
Rule and Line,
And "UP-AND-DOWN" *without*, I could
define,
I yet in all I only cared to know,
Was never deep in anything but —
Wine.

XLII.

And lately, by the Tavern Door agape,
Came stealing through the Dusk an
Angel Shape
Bearing a Vessel on his Shoulder;
and
He bid me taste of it; and 'twas — the
Grape!

XLIII.

The Grape that can with Logic abso-
lute
The Two-and-Seventy jarring Sects con-
fute:

The subtle Alchemist that in a
Trice
Life's leaden Metal into Gold trans-
mute.

XLIV.

The mighty Mahmúd, the victorious
Lord,
That all the misbelieving and black
Horde
Of Fears and Sorrows that infest the
Soul
Scatters and slays with his enchanted
Sword.

XLV.

But leave the Wise to wrangle, and
with me
The Quarrel of the Universe let be :
And, in some corner of the Hubbub
coucht,
Make Game of that which makes as
much of Thee.

XLVI.

For in and out, above, about, below,
 'Tis nothing but a Magic Shadow-show,
 Play'd in a Box whose Candle is the
 Sun,
 Round which we Phantom Figures come
 and go.

XLVII.

And if the Wine you drink, the Lip
 you press,
 End in the Nothing all Things end in—
 Yes—
 Then fancy while Thou art, Thou art
 but what
 Thou shalt be—Nothing—Thou shalt
 not be less.

XLVIII.

While the Rose blows along the River
 Brink,
 With old Khayyám the Ruby Vintage
 drink:

And when the Angel with his darker
Draught
Draws up to Thee — take that, and do
not shrink.

XLIX.

'Tis all a Chequer-board of Nights and
Days
Where Destiny with Men for Pieces
plays :
Hither and thither moves, and mates,
and slays,
And one by one back in the Closet lays.

L.

The Ball no Question makes of Ayes
and Noes,
But Right or Left, as strikes the Player
goes ;
And He that toss'd Thee down into
the Field,
He knows about it all — **HE** knows —
HE knows !

LI.

The Moving Finger writes ; and, having
 writ,
 Moves on : nor all thy Piety nor Wit
 Shall lure it back to cancel half a
 Line,
 Nor all thy Tears wash out a Word of
 it.

LII.

And that inverted Bowl we call The
 Sky,
 Whereunder crawling coop't we live and
 die,
 Lift not thy hands to *It* for help—
 for *It*
 Rolls impotently on as Thou or I.

LIII.

With Earth's first Clay They did the
 Last Man's knead,
 And then of the Last Harvest sow'd
 the Seed :

Yea, the first Morning of Creation
wrote
What the Last Dawn of Reckoning shall
read. •

LIV.

I tell Thee this — When, starting from
the Goal,
Over the shoulders of the flaming Foal
Of Heav'n Parwin and Mushtara they
flung,
In my predestin'd Plot of Dust and
Soul

LV.

The Vine had struck a Fibre ; which
about
If clings my Being — let the Súfi
flout ;
Of my Base Metal may be filed a
Key,
That shall unlock the Door he howls
without.

LVI.

And this I know : whether the one
True Light,
Kindle to Love, or Wrathconsume me
quite,
One Glimpse of It within the Tavern
caught
Better than in the Temple lost out-
right.

LVII.

Oh, Thou, who didst with Pitfall and
with Gin
Beset the Road I was to wander in,
Thou wilt not with Predestination
round
Enmesh me, and impute my Fall to
Sin?

LVIII.

Oh, Thou, who Man of baser Earth
didst make,
And who with Eden didst devise the
Snake;

For all the Sin wherewith the Face
of Man
Is blacken'd, Man's Forgiveness give—
and take!

* * * * *

KÚZA-NÁMA.

LIX.

Listen again. One Evening at the
Close
Of Ramazán, ere the better Moon arose,
In that old Potter's Shop I stood
alone
With the clay Population round in
Rows.

LX.

And, strange to tell, among that
Earthen Lot
Some could articulate, while others not:

And suddenly one more impatient
cried —
“Who *is* the Potter, pray, and who the
Pot?”

LXI.

Then said another — “Surely not in vain
“My Substance from the common Earth
was ta'en,
“That He who subtly wrought me
into Shape
“Should stamp me back to common
Earth again.”

LXII.

Another said — “Why, ne'er a peevish
Boy,
“Would break the Bowl from which he
drank in Joy;
“Shall He that *made* the Vessel in
pure Love
“And Fanny, in an after Rage de-
stroy!”

LXIII.

None answer'd this; but after Silence
spake

A Vessel of a more ungainly Make:

“They sneer at me for leaning all
awry;

“What! did the Hand then of the
Potter shake!”

LXIV.

Said one — “Folks of a surly Tapster
tell,

“And daub his Visage with the Smoke
of Hell;

“They talk of some strict Testing of
us — Pish!

“He's a Good Fellow, and 'twill all be
well.”

LXV.

Then said another with a long-drawn
Sigh,

“My Clay with long oblivion is gone
dry:

“But, fill me with the old familiar
Juice,
“Methinks I might recover by-and-bye!”

LXVI.

So while the Vessels one by one were
speaking,
One spied the little Crescent all were
seeking:
And then they jogg'd each other,
“Brother! Brother!
“Hark to the Porter's Shoulder-knot
a-creaking!”

* * * * *

LXVII.

Ah, with the Grape my fading Life
provide,
And wash my Body whence the Life
has died,
And in a Windingsheet of Vine-leaf
wrapt,
So bury me by some sweet Garden-side.

LXVIII.

That ev'n my buried Ashes such a Snare
Of Perfume shall fling up into the Air,
As not a True Believer passing by
But shall be overtaken unaware.

LXIX.

Indeed the Idols I have loved so long
Have done my Credit in Men's Eye
much wrong :
Have drown'd my Honour in a shal-
low Cup,
And sold my Reputation for a Song.

LXX.

Indeed, indeed, Repentance oft before
I swore — but was I sober when I
swore ?
And then and then came Spring, and
Rose-in-hand
My thread-bare Penitence apieces tore.

And much as Wine has play'd the
Infidel,

And robb'd me of my Robe of Honour
— well,

I often wonder what the Vintners buy
One half so precious as the Goods they
sell.

LXXII.

Alas, that Spring should vanish with
the Rose !

That Youth's sweet-scented Manuscript
should clese !

The Nightingale that in the Branches
sang,

Ah, whence, and whither flown again,
who knows !

LXXIII.

Ah Love ! could thou and I with Fate
conspire

To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things
entire,

Would not we shatter it to bits —
and then
Re-mould it nearer to the Heart's
Desire !

LXXIV.

Ah, Moon of my Delight who know'st
no wane,
The Moon of Heav'n is rising once again :
How oft hereafter rising shall she look
Through this same Garden after me —
in vain !

LXXV.

And when Thyself with shining Foot
shall pass
Among the Guests Star-scatter'd on the
Grass,
And in thy joyous Errand reach the
Spot
Where I made one — turn down an
empty Glass !

TAMÁM SHUD.

It must be admitted that FitzGerald took great liberties with the original in his version of Omar Khayyám. The first stanza is entirely his own, and in stanza xxxi. of the fourth edition (xxxvi. in the second) he has introduced two lines from Attár (See Letters p. 251). In stanza lxxxii. (fourth edition), writes Professor Cowell, 'There is no original for the line about the snake: I have looked for it in vain in Nicolas; but I have always supposed that the last line is FitzGerald's mistaken version of Quatr. 236 in Nicolas' ed. which runs thus:'

O thou who knowest the secrets of every one's mind,
Who graspest every one's hand in the hour of weak-
ness,

O God, give me repentance and accept my excuses,
O thou who givest repentance and acceptest the
excuses of every one.

FitzGerald mistook the meaning of *giving* and *accepting* as used here, and so invented his last line out of his own mistake. I wrote to him about it when I was in Calcutta; but he never cared to alter it.'

VARIATIONS
BETWEEN THE SECOND, THIRD, AND FOURTH
EDITIONS OF
OMAR KHAYYÁM.

STANZA

I. In ed. 2:

Wake! For the Sun beyond yon East
ern height
Has chased the Session of the Stars
from Night;
And, to the field of Heav'n ascend-
ing, strikes
The Sultán's Turret with a Shaft of
Light.

In the first draught of ed. 3 the
first and second lines stood thus:
Wake! For the Sun before him into
Night
A Signal flung that put the Stars to
flight.

II. In ed. 2:

Why lags the drowsy Worshipper out-
side?

v. In edd. 2 and 3:

But still a Ruby gushes from the Vine.

ix. In edd. 2 and 3:

Morning a thousand Roses brings, you
say.

x. In ed. 2:

Let Rustum cry "To battle!" as he
likes,
Or Hátim Tai "To Supper!"—heed
not you.

In ed. 3:

Let Zál and Rustum thunder as they
will.

xii. In ed. 2:

Here with a little Bread beneath the
Bough,
A Flask of Wine, a Book of Verse—
and Thou &c.

xiii. In ed. 2:

Ah, take the Cash, and let the Promise
go,
Nor heed the music of a distant Drum!

xx. In ed. 2:

And this delightful Herb whose living
Green.

- xxii. In edd. 2 and 3:
That from his Vintage rolling Time
has prest.
- xxvi. In edd. 2 and 3:
Of the Two Worlds so learnedly, are
thrust.
- xxvii. In ed. 2:
Came out by the same door as in I
went.
- xxviii. In edd. 2 and 3:
And with my own hand wrought to
make it grow.
- xxx. In ed. 2:
Ah, contrite Heav'n endowed us
with the Vine
To drug the memory of that insolence!
- xxxi. In ed. 2:
And many Knots unravel'd by the
Road.
- xxxii. In edd. 2 and 3:
There was the Veil through which I
could not see.
- xxxiii. In ed. 2:
Nor Heav'n, with those eternal Signs
reveal'd.
-

xxxiv. In ed. 2:

Then of the THEE IN ME who
works behind
The Veil of Universe I cried to find
A Lamp to guide me through the
darkness; and
Something then said — "An Under-
standing blind."

xxxv. In ed. 2:

I lean'd, the secret Well of Life to
learn.

xxxvi. In ed. 2:

And drink; and that impassive Lip
I kiss'd.

xxxviii. In ed. 2 the only difference is 'For'
instead of 'And' in the first line;
but in the first draught of ed. 3
the stanza appeared thus:

For, in your Ear a moment — of the
same

Poor Earth from which that Human
Whisper came,

The luckless Mould in which Man-
kind was cast

They did compose, and call'd him by
the name.

In ed. 3 the first line was altered to
Listen — a moment listen! — Of the
same &c.

xxxix. In ed. 2:

On the parcht herbage but may steal
below.

xl. In ed. 2:

As then the Tulip for her wonted sup
Of Heavenly Vintage lifts her chal-
ice up,

Do you, twin offspring of the soil,
till Heav'n

To Earth invert you like an empty
Cup.

In the first draught of ed. 3 the
stanza is the same as in edd. 3
and 4, except that the second line
is

Of Wine from Heav'n her little Tass
lifts up.

xli. In ed. 2 and the first draught of
ed. 3:

Oh, plagued no more with Human
or Divine

To-morrow's tangle to itself resign..

In ed. 2:

And if the Cup you drink, the Lip
 you press,
 End in what All begins and ends in
 — Yes;
 Imagine then you *are* what hereto-
 fore
 You *were*—hereafter you shall not
 be less.

The first draught of ed. 3 agrees
 with edd. 3 and 4 except that
 the first line is
 And if the Cup, and if the Lip you
 press.

In ed. 2:

So when at last the Angel of the drink
 Of Darkness finds you by the river-
 brink,
 And, proffering his Cup, invites
 your Soul
 Forth to your Lips to quaff it—do
 not shrink.

In the first draught of ed. 3 the
 only change made was from
 ‘proffering’ to ‘offering,’ but in
 ed. 3 the stanza assumed the

form in which it also appeared
in ed. 4. The change from 'the
Angel' to 'that Angel' was
made in ms. by FitzGerald in a
copy of ed. 4.

XLIV. In ed. 2:

Is't not a shame — is't not a
shame for him
So long in this Clay Suburb to abide!

XLV. In ed. 2:

But that is but a Tent wherein may
rest.

XLVI. In ed. 2:

And fear not lest Existence closing
your
Account, should lose, or know the
type no more.

XLVII. In ed. 2:

As much as Ocean of a pebble-cast.

In ed. 3:

As the SEV'N SEAS should heed a
pebble-cast.

XLVIII. In ed. 2:

One Moment in Annihilation's Waste,
One Moment, of the Well of Life to
taste —

The Stars are setting, and the
 Caravan
 Draws to the 'Dawn of Nothing—
 Oh make haste.'

In the first draught of ed. 3 line
 3 originally stood:
 Before the starting Caravan has
 reach'd
 the rest of the stanza being as
 in edd. 3 and 4.

XLIX. In ed. 2:
 A Hair, they say, divides the False
 and True.
 The change from 'does' to 'may'
 in the last line was made by
 FitzGerald in ms.

L. In ed. 2:
 A Hair, they say, divides the False
 and True.

LII. In edd. 2 and 3:
 He does Himself contrive, enact,
 behold.

LIII. In the first draught of ed. 3:
 To-morrow, when You shall be You
 no more.

- LIV. In ed. 2:
Better be merry with the fruitful
Grape.
- LV. In ed. 2:
You know, my Friends, how bravely
in my House
For a new Marriage I did make
Carouse.
- LVII. In ed. 2:
Have squared the Year to Human
Compass, eh?
If so, by striking from the Calendar.
- LXII. In ed. 2:
When the frail Cup is crumbled into
Dust!
- LXIII. In ed. 2:
The Flower that once is blown for
ever dies.
- LXV. In edd. 2 and 3:
They told their fellows, and to Sleep
return'd.
- LXVI. In ed. 2:
And after many days my Soul re-
turn'd
And said, 'Behold, Myself am Heav'n
and Hell.'
-

LXVII. In ed. 2:

And Hell the Shadow of a Soul on
fire.

LXVIII. In ed. 2:

Of visionary Shapes that come and
go
Round with this Sun-illumin'd Lan-
tern held.

LXIX. In ed. 2:

Impotent Pieces of the Game He
plays.

LXX. In ed. 2:

But Right or Left as strikes the
Player goes.

LXXII. In ed. 2 and the first draught of
ed. 3:

And that inverted Bowl we call The
Sky.

In edd. 2 and 3:

As impotently rolls as you or I.

LXXIX. In ed. 2:

Pure Gold for what he lent us
dross-allay'd.

LXXXI. In ed. 2:

For all the Sin the Face of
wretched Man
Is black with—Man's Forgiveness
give—and take!

LXXXIII. In ed. 2:

And once again there gather'd a
scarce heard
Whisper among them; as it were,
the stirr'd
Ashes of some all but extinguisht
Tongue
Which mine ear kindled into living
Word.

LXXXIV. In ed. 2:

My Substance from the common
Earth was ta'en,
That He who subtly wrought me
into Shape
Should stamp me back to shapeless
Earth again?

LXXXV. In ed. 2:

Another said—'Why, ne'er a pee-
vish Boy
'Would break the Cup from which
he drank in Joy;

'Shall He that of his own free
Fancy made
The Vessel, in an after-rage destroy!'

LXXXVI. In ed. 2:

None answer'd this; but after silence
spake.

LXXXVII. In ed. 2:

Thus with the Dead as with the
Living, *What?*
And *Why?* so ready, but the *Where-*
for not,
One on a sudden peevishly ex-
claimed,
'Which is the Potter, pray, and
which the Pot?'

LXXXVIII. In ed. 2:

Said one — 'Folks of a surly Master
tell,
'And daub his Visage with the
Smoke of Hell;
'They talk of some sharp Trial of
us — Pish!
He's a Good Fellow, and 'twill all
be well.'

LXXXIX. In ed. 2:

'Well,' said another, 'Whoso will,
let try.'

- xc. In ed. 2:
One spied the little Crescent all
were seeking.
- xcI. In ed. 2:
And wash my Body whence the Life
has died.
- xcIII. In ed. 2:
Have done my credit in Men's eye
much wrong.
- xcv. In ed. 2:
One half so precious as the ware
. they sell.
- xcvII. In ed. 2:
Toward which the fainting Traveller
might spring.
- xcvIII. In ed. 2:
Oh if the World were but to re-create,
That we might catch ere closed the
Book of Fate,
And make The Writer on a fairer leaf
Inscribe our names, or quite oblit-
erate!
- xcIX. In ed. 2:
Ah Love! could you and I with
Fate conspire.
-

c. In ed. 2:
 But see! The rising Moon of Heav'n
 again
 Looks for us, Sweet-heart, through
 the quivering Plane:
 How oft hereafter rising will she
 look
 Among those leaves—for one of us
 in vain!

ci. In ed. 3:
 And when Yourself with silver Foot
 shall pass.

 In the first draught of ed. 3
 'Foot' is changed to 'step.'

 In ed. 3:
 And in your blissful errand reach the
 spot.



STANZAS WHICH APPEAR IN THE
 SECOND EDITION ONLY.

xiv. Were it not Folly, Spider-like to
 spin
 The Thread of present Life away
 to win—

What? for ourselves, who know
not if we shall
Breathe out the very Breath we
now breathe in!

xx. (This stanza is quoted in the note
to stanza xviii. in the third
and fourth editions.)

xxviii. Another Voice, when I am sleep-
ing, cries,
"The Flower should open with
the Morning skies."
And a retreating Whisper, as I
wake —
"The Flower that once has blown
for ever dies."

xliv. Do you, within your little hour of
Grace,
The waving Cypress in your Arms
enlace,
Before the Mother back into her
arms
Fold, and dissolve you in a last
embrace.

lxv. If but the Vine and Love-abjuring
Band

Are in the Prophet's Paradise to
stand,
Alack, I doubt the Prophet's
Paradise
Were empty as the hollow of one's
Hand.

LXVII. For let Philosopher and Doctor
preach
Of what they will, and what they
will not—each
Is but one Link in an eternal
Chain
That none can slip, nor break, nor
over-reach.

LXXXVI. Nay, but, for terror of his wrath-
ful Face,
I swear I will not call Injustice
Grace;
Not one Good Fellow of the
Tavern but
Would kick so poor a Coward
from the place.

xc. And once again there gather'd a
scarce heard
Whisper among them; as it were,
the stirr'd
Ashes of some all but extinguisht
Tongue,

Which mine ear kindled into living
Word.

(In the third and fourth editions
LXXXIII. stanza takes the place of this.)

XCIX. Whither resorting from the vernal
Heat

Shall Old Acquaintance Old Acquaint-
ance greet,

Under the Branch that leans above
the Wall

To shed his Blossom over head and feet.

CVII. Better, oh better, cancel from the Scroll
Of Universe one luckless Human Soul,
Than drop by drop enlarge the
Flood that rolls

Hoarser with Anguish as the Ages roll.



COMPARATIVE TABLE OF STANZAS
IN THE FOUR EDITIONS.

Ed. 1	Ed. 2	Edd. 3 and 4
I	I	I
II	II	II
III	III	III
IV	IV	IV
V	V	V



VI	VI	VI
VII	VII	VII
VIII	IX	IX
IX	X	X
X	XI	XI
XI	XII	XII
XII	XIII	XIII
XIII	XV	XIV
XIV	XVII	XVI
XV	XVI	XV
XVI	XVIII	XVII
XVII	XIX	XVIII
XVIII	XXIV	XIX
XIX	XXV	XX
XX	XXI	XXI
XXI	XXII	XXII
XXII	XXIII	XXIII
XXIII	XXVI	XXIV
XXIV	XXVII	XXV
XXV	XXIX	XXVI
XXVI	LXVI	LXIII
XXVII	XXX	XXVII
XXVIII	XXXI	XXVIII
XXIX	XXXII	XXIX
XXX	XXXIII	XXX
XXXI	XXXIV	XXXI
XXXII	XXXV	XXXII

XXXIII	XXXVII	XXXIV
XXXIV	XXXVIII	XXXV
XXXV	XXXIX	XXXVI
XXXVI	XL	XXXVII
XXXVII		
XXXVIII	XLIX	XLVIII
XXXIX	LVI	LIV
XL	LVII	LV
XLI	LVIII	LVI
XLII	LX	LVIII
XLIII	LXI	LIX
XLIV	LXII	LX
XLV		
XLVI	LXXIII	LXVIII
XLVII	XLV	XLII
XLVIII	XLVI	XLIII
XLIX	LXXIV	LXIX
L	LXXV	LXX
LI	LXXVI	LXXI
LII	LXXVIII	LXXII
LIII	LXXIX	LXXIII
LIV	LXXXI	LXXV
LV	LXXXII	LXXVI
LVI	LXXXIII	LXXVII
LVII	LXXXVII	LXXX
LVIII	LXXXVIII	LXXXI
LIX	LXXXIX	LXXXII

LX. 1	LX. 2	LXX. 3 & 4
LX	XCIV	LXXXVII
LXI	XCI	LXXXIV
LXII	XCH	LXXXV
LXIII	XCHH	LXXXVI
LXIV	XCV	LXXXVIII
LXV	XCVI	LXXXIX
LXVI	XCVII	XC
LXVII	XCVIII	XCI
LXVIII	C	XCH
LXIX	CI	XCHH
LXX	CH	XCIV
LXXI	CHH	XCV
LXXII	CIV	XCVI
LXXIII	CVIII	XCIX
LXXIV	CIX	C
LXXV	CX	CI
	VIII	VIII
	XIV	
	XX	Note on XVIII
	XXVIII	
	XXXVI	XXXIII
	XLI	XXXVIII
	XLII	XXXIX
	XLIII	XL
	XLIV	
	XLVII	XLVI

Ed. 1	Ed. 2	Edd. 3 & 4
	XLVIII	XLVII
	L	XLIX
	LI	L
	LII	LI
	LIII	LII
	LIV	LIII
	LV	XLII
	LIX	LVII
	LXIII	LXI
	LXIV	LXII
	LXV	
	LXVII	LXIV
	LXVIII	LXV
	LXIX	XLIV
	LXX	XLV
	LXXI	LXVI
	LXXII	LXVII
	LXXVII	
	LXXX	LXXIV
	LXXXIV	LXXXVIII
	LXXXV	LXXXIX
	LXXXVI	
	XC	LXXXIII
	XCIX	
	CV	XCVII
	CVI	XCVIII
	CVII	

SALÁMÁN AND ABSÁL .

AN ALLEGORY

TRANSLATED FROM THE PERSIAN

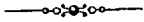
OF

J Á M Í



*"Welcome, Prince of Horsemen, welcome"
Ride a field, and strike the Ball'*

LETTER TO PROFESSOR COWELL.



MY DEAR COWELL,

Two years ago, when we began (I for the first time) to read this Poem together, I wanted you to translate it, as something that should interest a few who are worth interesting. You, however, did not see the way clear then, and had Aristotle pulling you by one Shoulder and Prakrit Vararuchi by the other, so as indeed to have hindered you up to this time completing a Version of Hafiz' best Odes which you had then happily begun. So, continuing to like old Jâmi more and more, I must try my hand upon him; and here is my reduced Version of a small Original.

What Scholarship it has is yours, my Master in Persian, and so much beside; who are no further answerable for *all* than by well liking and wishing published what you may scarce have Leisure to find due fault with.

Had all the Poem been like Parts, it would have been all translated, and in such Prose lines as you measure Hafiz in, and such as any one should adopt who does not feel himself so much of a Poet as him he translates and some he translates for—before whom it is best to lay the raw material as genuine as may be, to work up to their own better Fancies. But, unlike Hafiz' best—(whose Sonnets are sometimes as close packed as Shakespeare's, which they resemble in more ways than one)—Jámí, you know, like his Countrymen generally, is very diffuse in what he tells and his way of telling it. The very structure of the Persian Couplet—

(here, like people on the Stage, I am repeating to you what you know, with an Eye to the small Audience beyond) —so often ending with the same Word, or Two Words, if but the foregoing Syllable secure a lawful Rhyme, so often makes the Second Line but a slightly varied Repetition, or Modification of the First, and gets slowly over Ground often hardly worth gaining. This iteration is common indeed to the Hebrew Psalms and Proverbs—where, however, the Value of the Repetition is different. In your Hafiz also, not Two only, but Eight or Ten Lines perhaps are tied to the same Close of Two—or *Three*—words; a verbal Ingenuity as much valued in the East as better Thought. And how many of all the Odes called his, more and fewer in various Copies, do you yourself care to deal with?—And in the better ones how often some lines, as I think for

this reason, unworthy of the Rest—interpolated perhaps from the Mouths of his many Devotees, Mystical and Sensual—or crept into Manuscripts of which he never arranged or corrected one from the First?

This, together with the confined Action of Persian Grammar, whose organic simplicity seems to me its difficulty when applied, makes the Line by Line Translation of a Poem not line by line precious tedious in proportion to its length. Especially—(what the Sonnet does not feel)—in the Narrative; which I found when once cased in its Collar, and yet missing somewhat of rhythmical Amble, somehow, and not without resistance on my part, swerved into that “easy road” of Verse—easiest as unbeset with any exigencies of Rhyme. Those little Stories, too, which you thought untractable, but which have their Use as well as Humour by

way of quaint Interlude Music between the little Acts, felt ill at ease in solemn Lowth-Isaiah Prose, and had learn'd their tune, you know, before even Hiawatha came to teach people to quarrel about it. Till, one part drawing on another, the Whole grew to the present form.

As for the much bodily omitted—it may be readily guessed that an Asiatic of the 15th Century might say much on such a subject that an Englishman of the 19th would not care to read. Not that our Jámí is ever *licentious* like his Contemporary Chaucer, nor like Chaucer's Posterity in Times that called themselves more Civil. But better Men will not now endure a simplicity of Speech that Worse men abuse. Then the many more, and foolisher, Stories—preliminary Te Deums to Allah and Allah's-shadow Sháh—very much about Alef Noses, Eyebrows like inverted Núns,

drunken Narcissus Eyes — and that eternal Moon Face which never wanes from Persia — of all which there is surely enough in this Glimpse of the Original. No doubt some Oriental character escapes — the Story sometimes becomes too Skin and Bone without due interval of even Stupid and Bad. Of the two Evils? — At least what I have chosen is least in point of bulk ; scarcely in proportion with the length of its Apology which, as usual, probably discharges one's own Conscience at too great a Price ; people at once turning against you the Arms they might have wanted had you not laid them down. However it may be with this, I am sure a complete Translation — even in Prose — would not have been a readable one — which, after all, is a useful property of most Books, even of Poetry.

In studying the Original, you know, one gets contentedly carried over barren

Ground in a new Land of Language
—excited by chasing any new Game
that will but show Sport; the most
worthless to win asking perhaps all the
sharper Energy to pursue, and so far
yielding all the more Satisfaction when
run down. Especially, cheered on as I
was by such a Huntsman as poor Dog
of a Persian Scholar never hunted with
before; and moreover—but that was
rather in the Spanish Sierras—by the
Presence of a Lady in the Field, silently
brightening about us like Aurora's Self,
or chiming in with musical Encourage-
ment that all we started and ran down
must be Royal Game!

Ah, happy Days! When shall we
Three meet again—when dip in that
unreturning Tide of Time and Circum-
stance!—In those Meadows far from
the World, it seemed, as Salámán's
Island—before an Iron Railway broke
the Heart of that Happy Valley whose

Gossip was the Mill-wheel, and Visitors
the Summer Airs that momentarily
ruffled the sleepy Stream that turned it
as they chased one another over to lose
themselves in Whispers in the Copse
beyond. Or returning—I suppose you
remember whose Lines they are—

When Winter Skies were tinged with Crimson still
Where Thornbush nestles on the quiet hill,
And the live Amber round the setting Sun,
Lighting the Labourer home whose Work is done,
Burn'd like a Golden Angel-ground above
The solitary Home of Peace and Love—

at such an hour drawing home together
for a fireside Night of it with Æschylus
or Calderon in the Cottage, whose walls,
modest almost as those of the Poor
who clustered—and with good reason—
round, make to my Eyes the Towered
Crown of Oxford hanging in the Ho-
rizon, and with all Honour won, but
a dingy Vapour in Comparison. And
now, should they beckon from the terri-

ble Ganges, and this little Book begun as a happy Record of past, and pledge perhaps of future, Fellowship in Study, darken already with the shadow of everlasting Farewell !

But to turn from you Two to a Public — nearly as numerous — (with whom, by the way, this Letter may die without a name that *you* know very well how to supply), — here is the best I could make of Jámí's Poem — “*Ouvrage de peu d'étendue*,” says the “*Biographie Universelle*,” and, whatever that means, here collapsed into a nutshell Epic indeed ; whose Story however, if nothing else, may interest some Scholars as one of Persian Mysticism — perhaps the grand Mystery of all Religions — an Allegory fairly devised and carried out — dramatically culminating as it goes on ; and told as to this day the East loves to tell her Story, illustrated by Fables and Tales, so often (as we read in the

latest Travels) at the expense of the poor Arab of the Desert.

The Proper Names—and some other Words peculiar to the East—are printed as near as may be to their native shape and sound—"Sulaymán" for Solomon—"Yúsuf" for Joseph, &c., as being not only more musical, but retaining their Oriental flavour unalloyed with European Association. The *accented* Vowels are to be pronounced long, as in Italian—Salámán—Absál—Shírín, &c.

The Original is in rhymed Couplets of this measure—

— ∪ — — | — ∪ — — | — ∪ — | |

which those who like Monkish Latin may remember in

Dum Salámán verba Regis cogitat,
Pectus intrá do profundis æstuat.

or in English — by way of asking, "your Clemency for us and for our Tragedy" —

Of Salámán and of Absál hear the Song;
Little wants Man here below, nor little long.

NOTICE OF JÁMÍ'S LIFE.

DRAWN FROM ROSENZWEIG'S "BIOGRAPHISCHE
NOTIZEN" OF THE POET.



NÚRUDDÍN ABDURRAHMAN, Son of Mauláná Nizámuddín Ahmed, and descended on the Mother's side from One of the Four great "FATHERS" of Islam, was born A.H. 817, A.D. 1414, in Jám, a little Town of Khorásán, whither his Grandfather had removed from Desht of Ispahán and from which the poet ultimately took his Takhallus, or Poetic name, JÁMÍ. This word also signifies "A Cup;" wherefore, he says, "Born in Jám, and dipt in the "*Jám*" of Holy Lore, for a double reason I must

be called JÁmí in the Book of Song.”¹ He was celebrated afterwards in other Oriental Titles — “Lord of Poets” — “Elephant of Wisdom,” &c., but latterly liked to call himself “The Ancient of Herát,” where he mainly resided, and eventually died.

When Five Years old he received the name of Núruddín, the “Light of Faith,” and even so early began to show the Metal, and take the Stamp that distinguished him through Life. In 1419, a famous Sheikh, Khwájah Mohammed Pársá, then in the last Year of his Life, was being carried through Jám. “I was not then Five Years old,” says Jámí, “and my Father, who with his Friends went forth to salute him, had me carried on the Shoulders of one of the Family and set down

¹ He elsewhere plays upon his name, imploring God that he may be accepted as a Cup to pass about that Spiritual Wine of which the Persian Mystical Poets make so much.

before the Litter of the Sheikh, who gave a Nosegay into my hand. Sixty Years have passed, and methinks I now see before me the bright Image of the Holy Man, and feel the Blessing of his Aspect, from which I date my after Devotion to that Brotherhood in which I hope to be enrolled."

So again, when Mauláná Fakhruddín Loristání had alighted at his Mother's house—"I was then so little that he set me upon his Knee, and with his Fingers drawing the Letters of 'ALÍ' and 'OMAR' in the Air, laughed with delight to hear me spell them. He also by his Goodness sowed in my Heart the Seed of his Devotion, which has grown to Increase within me—in which I hope to live, and in which to die. Oh God! Dervish let me live, and Dervish die; and in the Company of the Dervish do Thou quicken me to life again!"

Jámí first went to a School at Herát; and afterward to one founded by the Great Timúr at Samarcand. There he not only outstript his Fellow-students in the very Encyclopædic Studies of Persian Education, but even puzzled his Doctors in Logic, Astronomy, and Theology; who, however, with unresenting Gravity welcomed him — “Lo! a new Light added to our Galaxy!” — And among them in the wider Field of Samarcand he might have liked to remain, had not a Dream recalled him to Herát. A Vision of the Great Súfi Master there, Mohammed Saaduddín Káshghari, appeared to him in his Sleep, and bade him return to One who would satisfy all Desire. Jámí returned to Herát; he saw the Sheikh discoursing with his Disciples by the Door of the Great Mosque; day after day passed him by without daring to present himself; but the Master’s Eye

was upon him ; day by day drew him nearer and nearer—till at last the Sheikh announces to those about him —“Lo ! this Day have I taken a Falcon in my Snare !”

Under him Jámí began his Súfí Noviciate, with such Devotion, both to Study and Master, that going, he tells us, but for one Summer Holiday into the Country, a single Line sufficed to “lure the Tassel-gentle back again;”

“Lo ! here am I, and Thou look'st on the Rose !”

By and by he withdrew, by due course of Súfí Instruction, into Solitude so long and profound, that on his return to Men he had almost lost the Power of Converse with them. At last, when duly taught, and duly authorized to teach as Súfí Doctor, he yet would not take upon himself so to do, though solicited by those who had seen such a Vision of him as had drawn himself to

Herát; and not till the Evening of his Life was he to be seen taking that place by the Mosque which his departed Master had been used to occupy before.

Meanwhile he had become Poet, which no doubt winged his Reputation and Doctrine far and wide through a People so susceptible of poetic impulse.

“A Thousand times,” he says, “I have repented of such Employment; but I could no more shirk it than one can shirk what the Pen of Fate has written on his Forehead”—“As Poet I have resounded through the World; Heaven filled itself with my Song, and the Bride of Time adorned her Ears and Neck with the Pearls of my Verse, whose coming Caravan the Persian Hafiz and Saadí came forth gladly to salute, and the Indian Khosrau and Hasan hailed as a Wonder of the World.”
“The Kings of India and Rûm greet me by Letter: the Lords of Irák and

Tabríz load me with Gifts ; and what shall I say of those of Khorásán, who drown me in an Ocean of Munificence ? ”

This, though Oriental, is scarcely bombast. Jámí was honoured by Princes at home and abroad, at the very time they were cutting one another's Throats ; by his own Sultan Abú Saïd ; by Hasan Beg of Mesopotamia — “ Lord of Tabríz ” — by whom Abú Saïd was defeated, dethroned, and slain ; by Mohammed II. of Turkey — “ King of Rúm ” — who in his turn defeated Hasan ; and lastly by Husein Mirzá Baikará, who somehow made away with the Prince whom Hasan had set up in Abú Saïd's Place at Herát. Such is the House that Jack builds in Persia.

As Hasan Beg, however — the USTUN-CASSAN of old European Annals — is singularly connected with the present Poem, and with probably the most important event in Jámí's Life, I will

briefly follow the Steps that led to that as well as other Princely Intercourse.

In A.H. 877, A.D. 1472, Jámí set off on his Pilgrimage to Mecca, as every True Believer who could afford it was expected once in his Life to do. He and, on his Account, the Caravan he went with, were honourably and safely escorted through the interjacent Countries by order of their several Potentates as far as Baghdád. There Jámí fell into trouble by the Treachery of a Follower whom he had reproved, and who misquoted his Verse into disparagement of ALÍ, the Darling Imám of Persia. This, getting wind at Baghdád, was there brought to solemn Tribunal. Jámí came victoriously off; his Accuser was pilloried with a dockt Beard in Baghdád Market-place: but the Poet was so ill pleased with the stupidity of those who had believed the Report, that, in an after poem, he called for a

Cup of Wine to seal up Lips of whose Utterance the Men of Baghdád were unworthy.

After four months' stay there, during which he visited at Helleh the Tomb of Ali's Son Husein, who had fallen at Kerbela, he set forth again—to Najaf, (where he says his Camel sprang forward at sight of Ali's own Tomb)—crossed the Desert in twenty-two days, continually meditating on the Prophet's Glory, to Medina; and so at last to MECCA, where, as he sang in a Ghazal, he went through all Mohammedan Ceremony with a Mystical Understanding of his Own.

He then turned Homeward: was entertained for forty-five days at Damascus, which he left the very Day before the Turkish Mohammed's Envoys came with 5000 Ducats to carry him to Constantinople. On arriving at Amida, the Capital of Mesopotamia, he found War

broken out and in full Flame between that Sultan and Hasan Beg. King of the Country, who caused Jámí to be honourably escorted through the dangerous Roads to Tabríz; there received him in full Diván, and would fain have him abide at his Court awhile. Jámí, however, was intent on Home, and once more seeing his aged Mother—for he was turned of Sixty—and at last reached Herát in the Month of Shaabán, 1473, after the Average Year's absence.

This is the HASAN, "in Name and Nature *Handsome*" (and so described by some Venetian Ambassadors of the Time), who was Father of YAKÚB BEG, to whom Jámí dedicated the following Poem; and who, after the due murder of an Elder Brother, succeeded to the Throne; till all the Dynasties of "Black and White Sheep" together were swept away a few years after by Ismaíl, Founder of the Sofí Dynasty in Persia.

Arrived at home, Jámí found Husein Mírzá Baikará, last of the Timuridæ, seated on the Throne there, and ready to receive him with open Arms. Nizá-muddín 'Alí Shír, Husein's Vizír, a Poet too, had hailed in Verse the Poet's Advent from Damascus as "The Moon rising in the West;" and they both continued affectionately to honour him as long as he lived.

Jámí sickened of his mortal Illness on the 13th of Moharrem, 1492—a Sunday. His Pulse began to fail on the following Friday, about the Hour of Morning Prayer, and stopped at the very moment when the Muezzin began to call to Evening. He had lived Eighty-one Years. Sultan Husein undertook the pompous Burial of one whose Glory it was to have lived and died in Dervish Poverty; the Dignitaries of the Kingdom followed him to the Grave; where twenty days afterward was recited in

presence of the Sultan and his Court an Eulogy composed by the Vizir, who also laid the first Stone of a Monument to his Friend's Memory—the first Stone of “Tarbet'i Jâmi,” in the Street of Meshhed, a principal Thoro'fare of the City of Herât. For, says Rosenzweig, it must be kept in mind that Jâmi was revered not only as a Poet and Philosopher, but as a Saint also; who not only might work a Miracle himself, but leave such a Power lingering about his Tomb. It was known that an Arab, who had falsely accused him of selling a Camel he knew to be unsound, died very shortly after, as Jâmi had predicted, and on the very selfsame spot where the Camel fell. And that libellous Rogue at Baghdâd—he, putting his hand into his Horse's Nose-bag to see if the beast had finisht his Corn, had his Forefinger bitten off by the same—from which “Verstümmelung” he

soon died—I suppose, as he ought, of Lock-jaw.

The Persians, who are adepts at much elegant Ingenuity, are fond of commemorating Events by some analogous Word or Sentence whose Letters, cabalistically corresponding to certain Numbers, compose the Date required. In Jāmi's case they have hit upon the word "KÁS," A Cup, whose signification brings his own name to Memory, and whose relative letters make up his 81 years. They have *Tárikhs* also for remembering the Year of his Death: Rosenzweig gives some; but Ouseley the prettiest of all;—

Dúd az Khorásán bar ámed—

"The smoke" of Sighs "went up from Khorásán."

No Biographer, says Rosenzweig cautiously, records of Jāmi's having more than one Wife (Granddaughter of his Master Sheikh) and Four Sons; which,

however, are Five too many for the Doctrine of this Poem. Of the Sons, Three died Infant; and the Fourth (born to him in very old Age), and for whom he wrote some Elementary Tracts, and the more famous "Beháristán," lived but a few years, and was remembered by his Father in the Preface to his *Khi-radnáma-i Iskander* — Alexander's Wisdom-book — which perhaps had also been begun for the Boy's Instruction. He had likewise a nephew, one Mauláná Abdullah, who was ambitious of following his Uncle's Footsteps in Poetry. Jámí first dissuaded him; then, by way of trial whether he had a Talent as well as a Taste, bade him imitate Firdausi's Satire on Sháh Mahmúd. The Nephew did so well, that Jámí then encouraged him to proceed; himself wrote the first Couplet of his First (and most celebrated) Poem — *Laila and Majnún* —

This Book of which the Pen has now laid the
Foundation,
May the diploma of Acceptance one day befall
it, —

and Abdullah went on to write that
and four other Poems which Persia con-
tinues to delight in to the present day,
remembering their Author under his
Takhallus of HÁTIFÍ—"The Voice from
Heaven"—and Last of the classic Poets
of Persia.

Of Jámí's literary Offspring, Rosen-
zweig numbers forty-four. But Shír
Khán Lúdí in his "Memoirs of the
Poets," says Ouseley, accounts him Au-
thor of *Ninety-nine* Volumes of Gram-
mar, Poetry, and Theology, which, he
says, "continue to be universally ad-
mired in all parts of the Eastern
World, Írán, Túrán, and Hindústán"
—copied some of them into precious
Manuscripts, illuminated with Gold and
Painting, by the greatest Penmen and

Artists of the time ; one such — the “Beháristán” — said to have cost some thousands of pounds — autographed as their own by two Sovereign Descendants of TĪMŪR ; and now repositied away from “the Drums and Tramlings” of Oriental Conquest in the tranquil seclusion of an English library.

With us, his Name is almost wholly associated with his “Yūsuf and Zulaikhá ;” the “Beháristán” aforesaid : and this present “Salámán and Absál,” which he tells us is like to be the last product of his Old Age. And these three Poems count for three of the brother Stars of that Constellation into which his seven best Mystical Poems are clustered under the name of “HEFT AURANG” — those “SEVEN THRONES” to which we of the West and North give our characteristic name of “Great Bear” and “Charles’s Wain.”

This particular Salámán Star, which thus conspicuously figures in Eastern eyes, but is reduced to one of very inferior magnitude as seen through this English Version, — is one of many Allegories under which the Persian Mystic symbolized an esoteric doctrine which he dared not — and probably could not — more intelligibly reveal. As usual with such Poems in the story-loving East, the main Fable is intersected at every turn with some other subsidiary story, more or less illustrative of the matter in hand: many of these of a comic and grotesque Character mimicking the more serious, as may the Gracioso of the Spanish Drama. As for the metre of the Poem, it is the same as that adopted by Attár, Jeláluddín and other such Poets — and styled, as I have heard, the “Metre Royal” — although not having been used by Firdausi for his Sháh-námeh. Thus it runs:

— 0 — — | — 0 — — | — 0 — — |
a pace which, to those not used to it,
seems to bring one up with too sudden
a halt at the end of every line to prom-
ise easy travelling through an Epie. It
may be represented in Monkish Latin
Quantity :.

Dum Salámán verba Regis cogitat,
Pectus illi de profundis æstuat;

or by English acccent in two lines that
may also plead for us and our Alle-
gory :

Of Salámán and of Absál hear the Song;
Little wants man here below, nor little long.

SALÁMÁN AND ABSÁL.



PRELIMINARY INVOCATION.

OH Thou, whose Spirit through this
 universe,
In which Thou dost involve thyself
 diffused,
Shall so perchance irradiate human clay
That men, suddenly dazzled, lose them-
 selves
In ecstasy before a mortal shrine
Whose Light is but a Shade of the Divine;
Not till thy Secret Beauty through the
 cheek
Of LAILA smite doth she inflame
 MAJNÚN;¹

¹ Well known types of Eastern Lovers. *Shírín*
and her Suitors figure in Sect. XX

And not till Thou have kindled
SHÍRÍN'S Eyes
The hearts of those two Rivals swell
with blood.
For Loved and Lover are not but by
Thee,
Nor Beauty; — mortal Beauty but the
veil
Thy Heavenly hides behind, and from
itself
Feeds, and our hearts yearn after as a
Bride
That glances past us veil'd — but ever so
That none the veil from what it hides
may know.
How long wilt thou continue thus the
World
To cozen¹ with the phantom of a veil
From which thou only peepest? I
would be
Thy Lover, and thine only — I, mine eyes

¹The Persian Mystics also represent the Deity
dicing with Human Destiny behind the Curtain.

Seal'd in the light of Thee to all but

Thee,

Yea, in the revelation of Thyself

Lost to Myself, and all that Self is not

Within the Double world that is but One.

Thou lurkest under all the forms of
Thought,

Under the form of all Created things;

Look where I may, still nothing I discern

But Thee throughout this Universe,

wherein

Thyself Thou dost reflect, and through
those eyes

Of him whom MAN thou madest,
scrutinize.

To thy Harim DIVIDUALITY

No entrance finds—no word of THIS
and THAT;

Do Thou my separate and derivéd Self
Make one with thy Essential! Leave
me room

On that Diván which leaves no room
for Twain;

Lest, like the simple Arab in the tale,
I grow perplext, oh God! 'twixt "ME"
and "THEE;"

If I—this Spirit that inspires me whence?
If THOU—then what this sensual Im-
potence?

*From the solitary Desert
Up to Baghdád came a simple
Arab; there amid the rout
Grew bewilder'd of the countless
People, hither, thither, running,
Coming, going, meeting, parting,
Clamour, clatter, and confusion,
All about him and about.
Travel-wearied, hubbub-dizzy,
Would the simple Arab fain
Get to sleep—"But then, on waking,
"How," quoth he, "amid so many
"Waking know Myself again?"
So, to make the matter certain,
Strung a gourd about his ankle,*

*And, into a corner creeping,
Baghdád and Himself and People
 Soon' were blotted from his brain.
But one that heard him and divined
His purpose, slyly crept behind;
From the Sleeper's ankle clipping,
 Round his own the pumpkin tied,
 And laid him down to sleep beside
By and by the Arab waking
Looks directly for his Signal—
Sees it on another's Ankle—
Cries aloud, "Oh Good-for-nothing
 "Rascal to perplex me so!
"That by you I am bewilder'd,
 "Whether I be I or no!
"If I—the Pumpkin why on YOU?
"If YOU—then Where am I, and WHO?"*

AND yet, how long, O Jámi, stringing
 Verse,
Pearl after pearl, on that old Harp of
 thine?

Year after year attuning some new Song,
The breath of some old Story?¹ Life
 is gone,
And that last song is not the last; my
 Soul
Is spent — and still a Story to be told!
And I, whose back is crooked as the
 Harp
I still keep tuning through the Night
 till Day!
That harp untuned by Time — the harp-
 er's hand
Shaking with Age—how shall the harp-
 er's hand
Repair its cunning, and the sweet old
 harp
Be modulated as of old? Methinks
'Twere time to break and cast it in the
 fire;
The vain old harp, that, breathing from
 its strings

¹ "Yūsuf and Zulaikhá," "Laila and Majnún,"
etc.

No music more to charm the ears of men,
May, from its scented ashes, as it burns,
Breathe resignation to the Harper's soul,
Now that his body looks to dissolution.
My teeth fall out — my two eyes see no
more

Till by Feringhi glasses turn'd to four ;¹
Pain sits with me sitting behind my
knees,

From which I hardly rise unhelp'd of
hand ;

I bow down to my root, and like a Child
Yearn, as is likely, to my Mother Earth,
Upon whose bosom I shall cease to weep,
And on my Mother's bosom fall asleep.²

The House in ruin, and its music heard
No more within, nor at the door of
speech,

¹ First notice of Spectacles in Oriental Poetry,
perhaps.

² The same Figure is found in Chaucer's "Par-
doner's Tale," and, I think, in other western poems
of that era.

Better in silence and oblivion
 To fold me head and foot, remembering
 What THE VOICE whisper'd in the
 Master's¹ ear —
 "No longer think of Rhyme, but think
 of ME!" —
 Of WHOM? — Of HIM whose Palace the
 SOUL is,
 And Treasure-house — who notices and
 knows
 Its income and out-going, and *then* comes
 To fill it when the Stranger is departed.
 Yea; but whose Shadow being Earthly
 Kings,
 Their Attributes, their Wrath and Fa-
 vour, His, —
 Lo! in the meditation of His glory,
 The SHÁH² whose subject upon Earth
 I am,

¹ Mohammed Saaduddín Káshgharí, spoken of in
 Notice of Jámí's life, p. 186.

² YAKÚB BEG: to whose protection Jámí owed
 a Song of gratitude.

As he of Heaven's, comes on me un-
ware,
And suddenly arrests me for his due.
Therefore for one last travel, and as brief
As may become the feeble breath of Age;
My weary pen once more drinks of the
well,
Whence, of the Mortal writing, I may
read
Anticipation of the Invisible.

*One who travell'd in the Desert
Saw MAJNÚN where he was sitting
All alone like a Magician
Tracing Letters in the Sand.
"Oh distracted Lover! writing
"What the Sword-wind of the Desert
"Undeciphers so that no one
"After you shall understand."
MAJNÚN answer'd — "I am writing
"Only for myself, and only
"‘LAILA,’ — if for ever ‘LAILA’*

*“ Writing, in that Word a Volume,
“ Over which for ever poring,
“ From her very Name I sip
“ In Fancy, till I drink, her Lip.”*

THE STORY.

PART I.

A SHÁH there was who ruled the realm
of Yún,¹
And wore the Ring of Empire of Sikan-
der ;
And in his reign A SAGE, of such re-
port
For Insight reaching quite beyond the
Veil,
That Wise men from all quarters of the
World,

¹ Or “YAVAN,” Son of Japhet, from whom the country was called “YÚNAN” — IONIA, meant by the Persians to express Greece generally. Sikander is of course, Alexander the Great.

To catch the jewel falling from his lips
Out of the secret treasure as he went,
Went in a girdle round him. — Which

THE SHÁH

Observing, took him to his secrecy ;
Stirr'd not a step, nor set design afoot,
Without the Prophet's sanction ; till, so
counsell'd,

From Káf to Káf¹ reach'd his Dominion:
No People, and no Prince that over
them

The ring of Empire wore, but under his
Bow'd down in Battle ; rising then in
Peace

Under his Justice grew, secure from
wrong,

And in their strength was his Dominion
strong.

The SHÁH that has not Wisdom in
himself,

¹ The Fabulous Mountain supposed by Asiatics
to surround the World, binding the Horizon on all
sides.

Nor has a Wise one for his Counsellor,
The wand of his Authority falls short,
And his Dominion crumbles at the base.
For he, discerning not the characters
Of Tyranny and Justice, confounds both,
Making the World a desert, and Redress
A phantom-water of the Wilderness.

God said to the Prophet David—
“David, whom I have exalted
“From the sheep to be my People’s
“Shepherd, by your Justice my
“Revelations justify.
“Lest the misbelieving—yea,
“The Fire-adoring Princes rather
“Be my Prophets, who fulfil,
“Knowing not my WORD, my WILL.”

ONE night THE SHÁH of Yúnan as he
sate
Contemplating his measureless extent

Of Empire, and the glory wherewithal,
As with a garment robed, he ruled
alone;
Then found he nothing wanted to his
heart
Unless a Son, who, while he lived,
might share,
And, after him, his robe of Empire wear.
And then he turned him to THE SAGE,
and said:
“O Darling of the soul of IFLATÚN;¹
“To whom with all his school ARISTO
bows;
“Yea, thou that an ELEVENTH to the
TEN
“INTELLIGENCES addest: Thou hast read
“The yet unutter’d secret of my Heart;
“Answer—Of all that man desires of
God
“Is any blessing greater than a Son?

¹ Iflatún, Plato: Aristo, Aristotle: both renowned in the East to this Day. For the Ten Intelligences, see Appendix.

“Man’s prime Desire; by whom his
name and he
“Shall live beyond himself; by whom
his eyes
“Shine living, and his dust with roses
blows.
“A Foot for thee to stand on, and an
Arm
“To lean by; sharp in battle as a sword;
“Salt of the banquet-table; and a tower
“Of salutary counsel in Diván;
“One in whose youth a Father shall
prolong
“His years, and in his strength con-
tinue strong.”

When the shrewd SAGE had heard THE
SHÁH’s discourse

In commendation of a Son, he said:
“Thus much of a *Good* Son, whose
wholesome growth
“Approves the root he grew from.
But for one

“Kneaded of *Evil*—well, could one revoke
“His generation, and as early pull
“Him and his vices from the string of
Time.
“Like Noah’s, puff’d with insolence
and pride,
“Who, reckless of his Father’s warn-
ing call,
“Was by the voice of ALLAH from
the door
“Of refuge in his Father’s Ark debarr’d,
“And perish’d in the Deluge.¹ And
as none
“Who long for children may their
children choose,
“Beware of teasing Allah for a Son,
“Whom having, you may have to
pray to lose.”

*Sick at heart for want of Children,
Ran before the Saint a Fellow,*

¹ See Note in Appendix I.

Catching at his garment, crying,
 "Master, hear and help me! Pray
 "That ALLAH from the barren clay
"Raise me up a fresh young Cypress,
"Who my longing eyes may lighten,
"And not let me like a vapour
 "Unremember'd pass away."
But the Dervish said — "Consider;
 "Wisely let the matter rest
"In the hands of ALLAH wholly,
"Who, whatever we are after,
 "Understands our business best."
Still the man persisted — "Master,
"I shall perish in my longing:
"Help, and set my prayer a-going!"
 Then the Dervish raised his hand —
 From the mystic Hunting-land
Of Darkness to the Father's arms
 A musky Fawn of China drew —
A Boy — who, when the shoot of Passion
 In his Nature planted grew,
Took to drinking, dicing, drabbing.
From a corner of the house-top

*Ill-insulting honest women,
Dagger-drawing on the husband;
And for many a city-brawl
Still before the Cadi summon'd,
Still the Father pays for all.
Day and night the youngster's doings
Such—the city's talk and scandal;
Neither counsel, threat, entreaty,
Moved him—till the desperate Father
Once more to the Dervish running,
Catches at his garment—crying—
“Oh my only Hope and Helper!
“One more Prayer! That God, who laid,
“Would take this trouble from my head!”
But the Saint replied “Remember
“How that very Day I warn'd you
“Not with blind petition ALLAH
“Trouble to your own confusion;
“Unto whom remains no more
“To pray for, save that He may par-
don
“What so rashly pray'd before.”*

“ So much for the result ; and for the
means —
“ Oh SHÁH, who would not be himself
a slave,
“ Which SHÁH least should, and of an
appetite
“ Among the basest of his slaves en-
slaved —
“ Better let Azrael find him on his
throne
“ Of Empire sitting childless and alone,
“ Than his untainted Majesty resign
“ To that seditious drink, of which one
draught
“ Still for another and another craves,
“ Till it become a noose to draw the
Crown
“ From off thy brows — about thy lips
a ring,
“ Of which the rope is in a Woman’s
hand,
“ To lead thyself the road of Nothing
down.

“For what is *She*? A foolish, faithless
thing —
“A very Káfir in rapacity;
“Robe her in all the rainbow-tinted woof
“Of Susa, shot with rays of sunny Gold;
“Deck her with jewel thick as Night
with star;
“Pamper her appetite with Houri fruit
“Of Paradise, and fill her jewell’d cup
“From the green-mantled Prophet’s
Well of Life —
“One little twist of temper—all your
cost
“Goes all for nothing: and, as for
yourself —
“Look! On your bosom she may lie
for years;
“But, get you gone a moment out of
sight,
“And she forgets you — worse, if, as
you turn,
“Her eyes on any younger Lover light.”

*Once upon the Throne together
Telling one another Secrets,*

Sate SULAYMÁN and BALKÍS; ¹

*The Hearts of both were turn'd to Truth,
Unsullied by Deception.*

First the King of Faith SULAYMÁN

Spoke — "However just and wise

"Reported, none of all the many

"Suitors to my palace thronging

"But afar I scrutinize ;

"And He who comes not empty-handed

"Grows to Honour in mine Eyes."

After this, BALKÍS a Secret

From her hidden bosom utter'd,

Saying — "Never night or morning

"Comely Youth before me passes

"Whom I look not after, longing" —

"If this, as wise Firdausi says, the curse

*"Of better women, what then of the
worse?"*

¹ Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, who, it appears, is no worse in one way than Solomon in another, unless in Oriental Eyes.

THE SAGE his satire ended; and THE
SHÁH,
Determined on his purpose, but the
means
Resigning to Supreme Intelligence,
With Magic-mighty Wisdom his own
WILL
Colleagued. and wrought his own ac-
complishment.
For Lo! from Darkness came to Light
A CHILD,
Of carnal composition unattaint;
A Perfume from the realm of Wisdom
wafted;
A Rosebud blowing on the Royal stem;
The crowning Jewel of the Crown; a Star
Under whose augury triumph'd the
Throne.
For whom dividing, and again in one
Whole perfect Jewel re-uniting, those
Twin Jewel-words, SALÁMAT and AS-
MÁN,¹

¹ SALÁMAT, Security from evil; ASMÁN, Heaven.

They hail'd him by the title of SALÁ-
MÁN.

And whereas from no Mother milk he
drew,

They chose for him a Nurse — her name
ABSÁL —

So young, the opening roses of her
breast

But just had budded to an infant's lip;
So beautiful, as from the silver line
Dividing the musk-harvest of her hair
Down to her foot that trampled crowns
of Kings,

A Moon of beauty full; who thus elect
Should in the garment of her bounty fold
SALÁMÁN of auspicious augury,
Should feed him with the flowing of
her breast.

And, once her eyes had open'd upon
Him,

They closed to all the world beside,
and fed

For ever doating on her Royal jewel .

Close in his golden cradle casketed :
Opening and closing which her day's
delight,

To gaze upon his heart - inflaming
cheek, —

Upon the Babe whom, if she could, she
would

Have cradled as the Baby of her eye.¹

In rose and musk she wash'd him — to
his lip

Press'd the pure sugar from the honey-
comb ;

And when, day over, she withdrew her
milk,

She made, and having laid him in, his
bed,

Burn'd all night like a taper o'er his
head.

And still as Morning came, and as he
grew,

¹ Literally, *Mardumak* — the *Mannikin*, or *Pupil*,
of the Eye, corresponding to the Image so frequently
used by our old Poets.

Finer than any bridal-puppet, which
To prove another's love a woman sends,¹
She trick'd him up — with fresh Col-
lyrium dew
Touch'd his narcissus eyes — the musky
locks
Divided from his forehead — and em-
braced
With gold and ruby girdle his fine waist.

So for seven years she rear'd and tended
him :
Nay, when his still-increasing moon of
Youth
Into the further Sign of Manhood pass'd,
Pursued him yet, till full fourteen his
years,
Fourteen-day full the beauty of his face,
That rode high in a hundred thousand
hearts.
For, when SALÁMÁN was but half-lance
high,

¹ See Appendix.

Lance-like he struck a wound in every
one,
And shook down splendour round him
like a Sun.

SOON as the Lord of Heav'n had sprung
his horse
Over horizon into the blue field,
SALÁMÁN kindled with the wine of sleep,
Mounted a barb of fire for the Maidán;
He and a troop of Princes — Kings in
blood,
Kings in the kingdom-troubling tribe of
beauty,
All young in years and courage,¹ bat in
hand
Gallop'd a-field, toss'd down the golden
ball
And chased, so many crescent Moons—a
full;²

¹ The same Persian Word signifying Youth and
Courage.

² See Appendix.

And, all alike intent upon the Game,
SALÁMÁN still would carry from them all
The prize, and shouting “Há!” drive
home the ball.

This done, SALÁMÁN bent him as a bow
To Archery—from Masters of the craft
Call’d for an unstrung bow—himself
the cord
Fitted unhelped,¹ and nimbly with his
hand
Twanging made cry, and drew it to his
ear :
Then, fixing the three-feather’d fowl,
discharged:
And whether aiming at the fawn a-foot,

¹ Bows being so gradually stiffened, according to the age and strength of the Archer, as at last to need five Hundred-weight of pressure to bend, says an old Translation of Chardin, who describes all the process up to bringing up the string to the ear, “*as if to hang it there*” before shooting. Then the first trial was, who could shoot highest: then, the mark, &c.

Or bird on wing, direct his arrow flew,
Like the true Soul that cannot but go
true.

WHEN night came, that releases man
from toil,
He play'd the chess of social inter-
course;
Prepared his banquet-hall like Paradise,
Summon'd his Houri-faced musicians,
And, when his brain grew warm with
wine, the veil
Flung off him of reserve: taking a harp,
Between its dry string and his finger
quick
Struck fire: or catching up a lute, as if
A child for chastisement, would pinch
its ear
To wailing that should agéd eyes make
weep.
Now like the Nightingale he sang alone;
Now with another lip to lip; and now

Together blending voice and instrument;
And thus with his associates night he spent.

His Soul rejoiced in knowledge of all kind;
The fine edge of his Wit would split a hair,
And in the noose of apprehension catch
A meaning ere articulate in word;
Close as the knitted jewel of Parwin
His jewel Verse he strung; his Rhetoric
Enlarging like the Mourners of the Bier.¹
And when he took the nimble reed in hand
To run the errand of his Thought along
Its paper field—the character he traced,

¹ The Pleiades and the Great Bear. This is otherwise prettily applied in the Anvári Soheili—
“When one grows poor, his Friends, heretofore
compact as THE PLEIADES, disperse wide asunder
as THE MOURNERS.”

Fine on the lip of Youth as the first
hair,
Drove Penmen, as that Lovers, to de-
spair.

His Bounty like a Sea was fathomless
That bubbled up with jewel, and flung
pearl
Where'er it touch'd, but drew not back
again ;
It was a Heav'n that rain'd on all
below
Dirhems for drops—

But here that inward Voice
Arrested and rebuked me — “Foolish
Jámi !
“Wearing that indefatigable pen
“In celebration of an alien SHÁN
“Whose Throne, not grounded in the
Eternal World,
“If YESTERDAY it were, TO-DAY is not,

"TO-MORROW cannot be."¹ But I re-
plied;
"Oh Fount of Light!—under an alien
name
"I shadow One upon whose head the
Crown
"WAS and yet IS, and SHALL BE;
whose Firmán
"The Kingdoms Sev'n of this World,
and the Seas,
"And the Sev'n Heavens, alike are sub-
ject to.
"Good luck to him who under other Name
"Instructed us that Glory to disguise
"To which the Initiate scarce dare lift his
eyes."

Sate a Lover in a garden

All alone. apostrophizing

Many a flower and shrub about him,

¹The Hero of the Story being of YÚNAN —
IONIA, or Greece generally (the Persian Geography
not being very precise) — and so not of THE FAITH.

And the lights of Heav'n above.

Nightingaling thus, a Noodle

Heard him, and, completely puzzled,

"What," quoth he, "and you a Lover,

"Raving, not about your Mistress,

"But about the stars and roses —

"What have these to do with Love?"

Answer'd he; "Oh thou that aimest

"Wide of Love, and Lovers' language

"Wholly misinterpreting;

"Sun and Moon are but my Lady's

"Self, as any Lover knows;

"Hyacinth I said, and meant her

"Hair—her cheek was in the rose—

"And I myself the wretched weed

"That in her cypress shadow grows."

AND now the cypress stature of Salá-
mán

Had reached his top, and now to blos-
som full

The garden of his Beauty: and Absál,

Fairest of hers, as of his fellows he
The fairest, long'd to gather from the
tree.

But, for that flower upon the lofty stem
Of Glory grew to which her hand fell
short,

She now with woman's sorcery began
To conjure as she might within her
reach.

The darkness of her eyes she darken'd
round

With surma, to benight him in mid day,
And over them adorn'd and arch'd the
bows¹

To wound him there when lost: her
musky locks

Into so many snaky ringlets curl'd,
In which Temptation nestled o'er the
cheek

Whose rose she kindled with vermilion
dew,

¹ With dark Indigo-Paint, as the Archery Bow
with a thin Papyrus-like Bark.

And then one subtle grain of musk laid
there,¹
The bird of that belovéd heart to snare.
Sometimes in passing with a laugh
would break
The pearl-enclosing ruby of her lips;
Or, busied in the room, as by mischance
Would let the lifted sleeve disclose
awhile
The vein of silver running up within:
Or, rising as in haste, her golden anklets
Clash, at whose sudden summons to
bring down
Under her silver feet the golden Crown.
Thus, by innumerable witcheries,
She went about soliciting his eyes,
Through which she knew the robber
unaware
Steals in, and takes the bosom by sur-
prise.

¹ A *Patch*, sc. — "*Noir comme le Musc.*" De Sacy.

*Burning with her love ZULAIKHÁ
Built a chamber, wall and ceiling
Blank as an untarnisht mirror,
Spotless as the heart of YÚSUF.
Then she made a cunning painter
Multiply her image round it;
Not an inch of wall or ceiling
But re-echoing her beauty.
Then amid them all in all her
Glory sat she down, and sent for
YÚSUF — she began a tale
Of Love — and lifted up her veil.
Bashfully beneath her burning
Eyes he turn'd away; but turning
Wheresoever, still about him
Saw ZULAIKHÁ, still ZULAIKHÁ,
Still, without a veil, ZULAIKHÁ.
But a voice as if from Canaan
Call'd him; and a Hand from Darkness
Touch'd; and ere a living Lip
Through the mirage of bewilder'd
Eyes seduced him, he recoil'd,
And let the skirt of danger slip.*

PART II.

ALAS for those who having tasted once
Of that forbidden vintage of the lips
That, press'd and pressing, from each
other draw

The draught that so intoxicates them
both,

That, while upon the wings of Day
and Night

Time rustles on, and Moons do wax
and wane,

As from the very Well of Life they
drink,

And, drinking, fancy they shall never
drain.

But rolling Heaven from his ambush
whispers,

"So in my license is it not set down:

"Ah for the sweet societies I make

"At Morning, and before the Nightfall
break,

“ Ah for the bliss that coming Night
fills up,
“ And Morn looks in to find an empty
Cup ! ”

*Once in Baghdád a poor Arab,
After weary days of fasting,
Into the Khalifah's banquet-
Chamber, where, aloft in State
HARÚN the Great at supper sate,
Push'd and pushing, with the throng,
Got before a perfume-breathing
Pasty, like the lip of SHÍRÍN
Luscious, or the Poet's song.
Soon as seen, the famisht clown
Seizes up and swallows down.
Then his mouth undaunted wiping —
“ Oh Khalifah, hear me swear,
“ While I breathe the dust of Baghdád,
“ Ne'er at any other Table
“ Than at Thine to sup or dine.”
Grimly laugh'd HARÚN, and answer'd ;*

*"Fool! who think'st to arbitrate
"What is in the hands of Fate—
"Take, and thrust him from the
Gate!"*

WHILE a full Year was counted by the
Moon,
SALÁMÁN and ABSÁL rejoiced together,
And neither SHÁH nor SAGE his face
beheld.
They question'd those about him, and
from them
Heard something: then himself to pres-
ence summon'd,
And all the truth was told. Then
SAGE and SHÁH
Struck out with hand and foot in his
redress.
And first with REASON, which is also
best;
REASON that rights the wanderer; that
completes

The imperfect ; REASON that resolves
the knot
Of either world, and sees beyond the Veil.
For REASON is the fountain from of old
From which the Prophets drew, and
none beside :
Who boasts of 'other inspiration, 'lies—
There are no other Prophets than THE
WISE.

AND first THE SHÁH : — “SALÁMÁN,
Oh my Soul,
“Light of the eyes of my Prosperity,
“And making bloom the court, of Hope
with rose ;
“Year after year, SALÁMÁN, like a bud
“That cannot blow, my own blood I
devour'd,
“Till, by the seasonable breath of God,
“At last I blossom'd into thee, my Son ;
“Oh, do not wound me with a dagger
thorn ;

"Let not the full-blown rose of Royalty
"Be left to wither in a hand unclean.
"For what thy proper pastime? Bat in
hand
"To mount and manage RAKHSH¹ along
the Field;
"Not, with no weapon but a wanton curl
"Idly reposing on a silver breast.
"Go, fly thine arrow at the antelope
"And lion — let me not My lion see
"Slain by the arrow eyes of a ghazál.
"Go, challenge ZÁL or RUSTAM to the
Field,
"And smite the warriors' neck; not,
flying them,
"Beneath a woman's foot submit thine
own.
"Oh wipe the woman's henna from thy
hand,
"Withdraw thee from the minion² who
from thee

¹ "Lightning." The name of RUSTAM's famous
Horse in the SHÁH-NÁMEH.

² "SHÁH," and "SHÁHID" (A Mistress).

“Dominion draws, and draws me with
thee down ;
“Years have I held my head aloft, and all
“For Thee — Oh shame if thou prepare
my Fall !”

When before SHIRÚYEH'S dagger

KAI KHUSRAU,¹ his Father, fell,

He declared this Parable —

*“Wretch! — There was a branch that
waxing*

“Wanton o'er the root he drank from,

“At a draught the living water

“Drain'd wherewith himself to crow;

“Died the root — and with him died

*“The branch — and barren was brought
down !”*

¹ KHUSRAU PARVÍZ (Chosroe The Victorious),
Son of NOSHRVÁN The Great; slain, after Thirty
Years of prosperous Reign, by his Son SHIRÚYEH,
who, according to some, was in love with his Father's
mistress SUTÁIN. See further on one of the most
dramatic Tragedies in Persian history.

THE SHÁH ceased counsel, and THE
SAGE began.

“Oh last new vintage of the Vine of Life
“Planted in Paradise; Oh Master-stroke,
“And all-concluding flourish of the Pen
“KUN FA YAKÚN¹; Thyself prime
Archetype,
“And ultimate Accomplishment of MAN!
“The Almighty hand, that out of com-
mon earth
“Thy mortal outward to the perfect
form
“Of Beauty moulded, in the fleeting dust
“Inscribed HIMSELF, and in thy bosom
set
“A mirror to reflect HIMSELF in Thee.
“Let not that dust by rebel passion blown
“Obliterate that character: nor let
“That Mirror, sullied by the breath
impure,
“Or form of carnal beauty fore-possess,

¹ “BE! AND IT IS” — The famous Word of
Creation stolen from Genesis by the Kurán.

“Be made incapable of the Divine.
“Supreme is thine Original degree,
“Thy Star upon the top of Heaven;
 but Lust
“Will bring it down, down even to the
 Dust!”

*Quoth a Muezzín to the crested
Cock—“Oh Prophet of the Morning,
 “Never Prophet like to you
“Prophesied of Dawn, nor Muezzín
“With so shrill a voice of warning
“Woke the sleeper to confession
“Crying, ‘LÁ ALLAH ILLÁ ‘LLAH,
 “MUHAMMAD RASÚLUHU.’¹
“One, methinks, so rarely gifted
 “Should have prophesied and sung
 “In Heav’n, the Birds of Heav’n
 among,
“Not with these poor hens about him,
 “Raking in a heap of dung.”*

¹ “There is no God but God; Muhammad is his Prophet.”

*"And," replied the Cock, "in Heaven
"Once I was; but by my foolish
"Lust to this uncleanly living
"With my sorry mates about me
"Thus am fallen. Otherwise,
"I were prophesying Dawn
"Before the gates of Paradise." ¹*

OF all the Lover's sorrows, next to that
Of Love by Love forbidden, is the voice
Of Friendship turning harsh in Love's
reproof,
And overmuch of Counsel — whereby
Love
Grows stubborn, and recoiling unsupprest
Within, devours the heart within the
breast.

¹ Jámf, as, may be, other Saintly Doctors, kept
soberly to one Wife. But wherefore, under the
Law of Muhammad, should the Cock be selected
(as I suppose he is) for a "*Caution*," because
of his indulgence in Polygamy, however unusual
among Birds?

SALÁMÁN heard ; his Soul came to his
lips ;
Reproaches struck not ABSÁL out of
him,
But drove Confusion in ; bitter became
The drinking of the sweet draught of
Delight
And waned the splendour of his Moon
of Beauty.
His breath was Indignation, and his
heart
Bled from the arrow, and his anguish
grew.
How bear it ? — By the hand of Hatred
dealt,
Easy to meet — and deal with, blow for
blow ;
But from Love's hand which one must
not requite,
And cannot yield to — what resource
but Flight ?
Resolved on which, he victuall'd and
equipp'd

A Camel, and one night he led it
forth,
And mounted—he with ABSÁL at his
side,
Like sweet twin almonds in a single
shell.
And Love least murmurs at the narrow
space
That draws him close and closer in em-
brace.

*When the Moon of Canaan YÚSUF
In the prison of Egypt darken'd,
Nightly from her spacious Palace-
Chamber, and its rich array,
Stole ZULAIKHÁ like a fantom
To the dark and narrow dungeon
Where her buried Treasure lay.
Then to those about her wond'ring—
“Were my Palace,” she replied,
“Wider than Horizon-wide,
“It were narrower than an Ant's eye,*

*"Were my Treasure not inside:
"And an Ant's eye, if but there
"My Lover, Heaven's horizon were."*

SIX days SALÁMÁN on the Camel rode,
And then the hissing arrows of reproof
Were fallen far behind; and on the
Seventh

He halted on the Seashore; on the shore
Of a great Sea that reaching like a floor
Of rolling Firmament below the Sky's
From KÁF to KÁF, to GAU and MÁHÍ¹
down

Descended, and its Stars were living
eyes.

The Face of it was as it were a range

¹ Bull and Fish—the lowest Substantial Base of Earth. "He first made the Mountains; then cleared the Face of the Earth from Sea; then fixed it fast on Gau; Gau on Máhí; and Máhí on Air; and Air on what? on NOTHING; Nothing on Nothing, all is Nothing—Enough." Attár; quoted in De Sacy's *Pendnamah*, xxxv.

Of moving Mountains; or a countless
host

Of Camels trooping tumultuously up,
Host over host, and foaming at the lip.
Within, innumerable glittering things
Sharp as cut Jewels, to the sharpest eye
Scarce visible, hither and hither slipping,
As silver scissors slice a blue brocade;
But should the Dragon coil'd in the
abyss¹

Emerge to light, his starry counter-sign
Would shrink into the depth of Heav'n
aghast.

SALÁMÁN eyed the moving wilderness
On which he thought, once launcht, no
foot, nor eye

¹ The Sidereal Dragon, whose Head, according to the Paurānic (or poetic) astronomers of the East, devoured the Sun and Moon in Eclipse. "But *we* know," said Rámachandra to Sir W. Jones, "that the supposed Head and Tail of the Dragon mean only the *Nodes*, or points formed by intersections of the Ecliptic and the Moon's Orbit." — Sir W. Jones' Works, Vol. iv., p. 74.

Should ever follow; forthwith he de-
vised

Of sundry scented woods along the
shore

A little shallop like a Quarter-moon,
Wherein ABSÁL and He like Sun and
Moon

Enter'd as into some Celestial Sign;
That, figured like a bow, but arrow-like
In flight, was feather'd with a little sail,
And, pitcht upon the water like a duck,
So with her bosom sped to her Desire.

When they had sail'd their vessel for a
Moon,
And marr'd their beauty with the wind
o' the Sea,
Suddenly in mid sea reveal'd itself
An Isle, beyond imagination fair;
An Isle that all was Garden; not a
Flower,
Nor Bird of plumage like the flower,
but there;

Some like the Flower, and others like
the Leaf ;
Some, as the Pheasant and the Dove
adorn'd
With crown and collar, over whom,
alone,
The jewell'd Peacock like a Sultan
shone ;
While the Musicians, and among them
Chief
The Nightingale, sang hidden in the
trees
Which, arm in arm, from fingers quiv-
ering
With any breath of air, fruit of all kind
Down scatter'd in profusion to their feet,
Where fountains of sweet water ran
between,
And Sun and shadow chequer-chased
the green.
Here Iram-garden seem'd in secrecy
Blowing the rosebud of its Revelation ;¹

¹ Note in Appendix.

Of Audit, lifted from her face the veil.

SALÁMÁN saw the Isle, and thought no
more

Of Further — there with ABSÁL he sate
down,

ABSÁL and He together side by side
Together like the Lily and the Rose,
Together like the Soul and Body, one.
Under its trees in one another's arms
They slept — they drank its fountains
hand in hand —

Paraded with the Peacock — raced the
Partridge —

Chased the green Parrot for his stolen
fruit,

Or sang divisions with the Nightingale.
There was the Rose without a thorn,
and there

The Treasure and no Serpent¹ to be-
ware —

¹ The supposed guardian of buried treasure.

*Said to WÁMIK one who never
Knew the Lover's passion — "Why
"Solitary thus and silent
"Solitary places haunting,
"Like a Dreamer, like a Spectre,
 "Like a thing about to die?"*
WÁMIK answer'd — "*Meditating
"Flight with Azrá¹ to the Desert:
"There by so remote a Fountain
 "That, whichever way one travell'd,
"League on league, one yet should never
"See the face of Man; for ever
"There to gaze on my Belovéd;
"Gaze, till Gazing out of Gazing
"Grew to Being Her I gaze on,
"SHE and I no more, but in One
"Undivided Being blended.
"All that is by Nature twain*

¹ WámiK and Azrá (Virgin) two typical Lovers.

*"Fears, or suffers by, the pain
"Of Separation: Love is only
"Perfect when itself transcends
"Itself, and, one with that it loves,
"In undivided Being blends."*

WHEN by and by the SHÁH was made
aware
Of that heart-breaking Flight, his royal
robe
He changed for ashes, and his Throne
for dust,
And wept awhile in darkness and alone.
Then rose; and, taking counsel from
the SAGE,
Pursuit set everywhere afoot: but none
Could trace the footstep of the flying
Deer.
Then from his secret Art the Sage-Vizyr
A Magic Mirror made; a Mirror like
The bosom of All-wise Intelligence
Reflecting in its mystic compass all

Within the sev'n-fold volume of the
World
Involved ; and, looking in that Mirror's
face,
The SHÁH beheld the face of his Desire.
Beheld those Lovers, like that earliest
pair
Of Lovers, in this other Paradise
So far from human eyes in the mid sea,
And yet within the magic glass so near
As with a finger one might touch them,
isled.
THE SHÁH beheld them ; and compas-
sion touch'd
His eyes and anger died upon his lips ;
And arm'd with Righteous Judgment as
he was,
Yet, seeing those two Lovers with one lip
Drinking that cup of Happiness and
Tears¹

¹ Κρατῆρα μακρὸν ἡδονῆς καὶ δακρύων
Κινῶντες ἐξέπινον ἄχρις ἐς μέθην.

*From Theodorus Prodromus, as
quoted by Sir W. Jones.*

In which Farewell had never yet been
flung,¹

He paused for their Repentance to recall
The lifted arm that was to shatter all.

The Lords of Wrath have perish'd by
the blow
Themselves had aim'd at others long ago.
Draw not in haste the sword, which
Fate, may be,
Will sheathe, hercafter to be drawn on
Thee.

FARHÁD, *who the shapeless mountain
Into human likeness moulded,
Under SHÍRÍN'S eyes as slavish
Potters' earth himself became.*

*Then the secret fire of jealous
Frenzy, catching and devouring
KAI KHUSRAU, broke into flame.*

¹ A pebble flung into a Cup being a signal for
a company to break up.

*With that ancient Hag of Darkness
Plotting, at the midnight Banquet
FARHÁD'S golden cup he poison'd,
And in SHÍRÍN'S eyes alone
Reign'd — But Fate that Fate revenges,
Arms SHÍRÚYEH with the dagger
That at once from SHÍRÍN tore,
And hurl'd him lifeless from his
throne.¹*

BUT as the days went on, and still THE
SHÁH
Beheld his Son how in the Woman
lost,

¹ One story is that Khusrau had promised that if Farhád cut through a Mountain, and brought a Stream through, Shírfn should be his. Farhád was on the point of achieving his work, when Khusrau sent an old Woman (here, perhaps, purposely confounded with Fate) to tell him Shírfn was dead; whereon Farhád threw himself headlong from the Rock. The Sculpture at Beysitún (or Besitún), where Rawlinson has deciphered Darius and Xerxes, was traditionally called Farhád's.

And still the Crown that should adorn
his head,
And still the Throne that waited for
his foot,
Both trampled under by a base desire,
Of which the Soul was still unsatisfied—
Then from the sorrow of THE SHÁH
fell Fire ;
To Gracelessness ungracious he became,
And, quite to shatter that rebellious lust,
Upon SALÁMÁN all his WILL, with all¹
His SAGE-VIZYR'S Might-magic arm'd,
discharged.
And Lo ! SALÁMÁN to his Mistress
turn'd,
But could not reach her—look'd and
look'd again,
And palpitated tow'rd her—but in vain!
Oh Misery ! As to the Bankrupt's eyes
The Gold he may not finger ! or the
Well

¹ He Mesmerizes him !—See also further on this
Power of the WILL.

To him who sees a-thirst, and cannot
reach,
Or Heav'n above reveal'd to those in
Hell!
Yet when SALÁMÁN'S anguish was ex-
treme,
The door of Mercy open'd, and he saw
That Arm he knew to be his Father's
reacht
To lift him from the pit in which he lay:
Tímidly tow'rd his Father's eyes his own
He lifted, pardon-pleading, crime-
confest,
And drew once more to that forsaken
Throne,
As the stray bird one day will find
her nest.

*One was asking of a Teacher,
"How a Father his reputed
"Son for his should recognize?"
Said the Master, "By the stripling,*

"As he grows to manhood, growing

"Like to his reputed Father,

"Good or Evil, Fool or Wise.

"Lo the disregarded Darnel

"With itself adorns the Wheat-field,

"And for all the vernal season

"Satisfies the farmer's eye;

"But the hour of harvest coming,

"And the thrasher by and by,

"Then a barren ear shall answer,

"Darnel, and no Wheat, am I."

YET Ah for that poor Lover! "Next
the curse

"Of Love by Love forbidden, nothing
worse

"Than Friendship turn'd in Love's re-
proof unkind,

"And Love from Love divorcing"

— Thus I said :

Alas, a worse, and worse, is yet behind —

having fled!

SALÁMÁN bow'd his forehead to the
dust

Before his Father; to his Father's hand
Fast — but yet fast, and faster, to his
own

Clung one, who by no tempest of re-
proof

Or wrath might be dissever'd from the
stem

She grew to: till, between Remorse and
Love,

He came to loathe his Life and long
for Death.

And, as from him *She* would not be
divorced,

With Her he fled again: he fled — but
now

To no such Island centred in the sea
As lull'd them into Paradise before;
But to the Solitude of Desolation,

The Wilderness of Death. And as before
Of sundry scented woods along the shore
A shallop he devised to carry them
Over the waters whither foot nor eye
Should ever follow them, he thought—
so now
Of sere wood strewn about the plain of
Death,
A raft to bear them through the wave
of Fire
Into Annihilation, he devised,
Gather'd, and built; and, firing with a
Torch,
Into the central flame ABSÁL and He
Sprung hand in hand exulting. But
the SAGE
In secret all had order'd; and the Flame,
Directed by his self-fulfilling WILL,
Devouring Her to ashes, left untouch'd
SALÁMÁN—all the baser metal burn'd,
And to itself the authentic Gold re-
turn'd.

PART III.

FROM the Beginning such has been the
Fate
Of Man, whose very clay was soak'd in
tears.
For when at first of common Earth they
took,
And moulded to the stature of the Soul,
For Forty days, full Forty days, the
cloud
Of Heav'n wept over him from head to
foot:
And when the Forty days had passed to
Night,
The Sunshine of one solitary day
Look'd out of Heav'n to dry the weep-
ing clay.¹
And though that sunshine in the long
arrear

¹ Some such Legend is quoted by De Sacy and D'Herbelot from some Commentaries on the Kurán.

Of darkness on the breathless
image rose,
Yet, with the Living, every wise
man knows
Such consummation scarcely shall be
here !

SALÁMÁN fired the pile; and in the
flame
That, passing him, consumed ABSÁL
like straw,
Died his Divided Self, his Individual
Survived, and, like a living Soul from
which
The Body falls, strange, naked, and alone.
Then rose his cry to Heaven — his eye-
lashes
Wept blood — his sighs stood like a
smoke in Heaven,
And Morning rent her garment at his
anguish.
And when Night came, that drew the
pen across

The written woes of Day for all but
him,
Crouch'd in a lonely corner of the
house,
He seem'd to feel about him in the dark
For one who was not, and whom no
fond word
Could summon from the Void in which
she lay.

And so the Wise One found him where
he sate
Bow'd down alone in darkness; and
once more
Made the long-silent voice of Reason
sound
In the deserted Palace of his Soul;
Until SALÁMÁN lifted up his head
To bow beneath the Master; sweet it
seem'd,
Sweeping the chaff and litter from his
own,
To be the very dust of Wisdom's door,

Slave of the Firman of the Lord of
Life,
Who pour'd the wine of Wisdom in his
cup,
Who laid the dew of Peace upon his
lips;
Yea, wrought by Miracle in his be-
half.
For when old Love return'd to Memory,
And broke in passion from his lips,
THE SAGE,
Under whose waxing WILL Existence
rose
From Nothing, and, relaxing, waned
again,
Raising a Fantom Image of ABSÁL,
Set it awhile before SALÁMÁN'S eyes,
Till, having sow'd the seed of comfort
there,
It went again down to Annihilation.
But ever, as the Fantom past away,
THE SAGE would tell of a Celestial
Love;

"ZUHRAH,"¹ he said, "ZUHRAH, compared with whom
"That brightest star that bears her name in Heav'n
"Was but a winking taper; and Absál,
"Queen-star of Beauties in this world below,
"But her distorted image in the stream
"Of fleeting Matter; and all Eloquence,
"And Soul-enchaining harmonies of Song,
"A far-off echo of that Harp in Heav'n
"Which Dervish-dances to her harmony."

SALÁMÁN listen'd, and inclined — again
Entreated, inclination ever grew;
Until THE SAGE beholding in his Soul
The SPIRIT² quicken, so effectually

¹ "ZUHRAH." The Planetary and Celestial Venus.

² "Maaní." The Mystical pass-word of the Súfís, to express the transcendental New Birth of the Soul.

With ZUHRAH wrought, that she re-
veal'd herself
In her pure lustre to SALÁMÁN'S Soul,
And blotting ABSÁL'S Image from his
breast,
There reign'd instead. Celestial Beauty
seen,
He left the Earthly; and, once come to
know
Eternal Love, the Mortal he let go.

THE Crown of Empire how supreme a
lot!
The Sultan's Throne how lofty! Yea,
but not
For All—None but the Heaven-ward
foot may dare
To mount—The head that touches
Heaven to wear!—

When the Beloved of Royal augury
Was rescued from the bondage of ABSÁL,

Then he arose, and shaking off the dust
Of that lost travel, girded up his
heart,
And look'd with undefiléd robe to
Heaven.
Then was his Head worthy to wear the
Crown,
His Foot to mount the Throne. And
then THE SHÁH
From all the quarters of his World-
wide realm
Summon'd all those who under Him the
ring
Of Empire wore, King, Counsellor,
Amír ;
Of whom not one but to SALÁMÁN did
Obeisance, and lifted up his neck
To yoke it under His supremacy.
Then THE SHÁH crown'd him with the
Golden Crown,
And set the Golden Throne beneath his
feet,
And over all the heads of the Assembly,

And in the ears of all, his Jewel-word
With the Diamond of Wisdom cut, and
said : —

“My Son,¹ the Kingdom of The World
is not
“Eternal, nor the sum of right desire ;
“Make thou the Law reveal'd of God
thy Law,
“The voice of Intellect Divine within
“Interpreter ; and considering TO-DAY
“TO-MORROW'S Seed-field, ere That come
to bear,
“Sow with the harvest of Eternity.
“And, as all Work, and, most of all,
the Work
“That Kings are born to, wisely should
be wrought,

¹ One sees Jâmi taking advantage of his Allegorical Shâh to read a lesson to the Living, — whose ears Advice, unlike Praise, scarce ever reached, unless obliquely and by Fable. The Warning (and doubtless with good reason) is principally aimed at the Minister.

“Where doubtful of thine own sufficiency,
“Ever, as I have done, consult the Wise.
“Turn not thy face away from the Old ways,
“That were the canon of the Kings of Old;
“Nor cloud with Tyranny the glass of Justice:
“By Mercy rather to right Order turn
“Confusion, and Disloyalty to Love.
“In thy provision for the Realm’s estate,
“And for the Honour that becomes a King,
“Drain not thy People’s purse — the Tyranny
“Which Thee enriches at thy Subject’s cost,
“Awhile shall make thee strong; but in the end
“Shall bow thy neck beneath thy People’s hate,

“And lead thee with the Robber down
to Hell.

“Thou art a Shepherd, and thy Flock
the People,

“To help and save, not ravage and
destroy ;

“For which is for the other, Flock or
Shepherd ?

“And join with thee True men to keep
the Flock —

“Dogs, if you will — but trusty — head
in leash,

“Whose teeth are for the Wolf, not for
the Lamb,

“And least of all the Wolf’s accom-
plices.

“For Sháhs must have Vizyrs — but be
they Wise

“And Trusty — knowing well the
Realm’s estate —

“Knowing how far to Sháh and Subject
bound

“On either hand — not by extortion, nor

“By usury wrung from the People’s
purse,
“Feeding their Master, and themselves
(with whom
“Enough is apt enough to make rebel)
“To such a surfeit feeding as feeds Hell.
“Proper in soul and body be they—
pitiful
“To Poverty—hospitable to the Saint—
“Their sweet Access a salve to wounded
Hearts;
“Their Wrath a sword against Iniquity.
“But at thy bidding only to be drawn;
“Whose Ministers they are, to bring
thee in
“Report of Good or Evil through the
Realm;
“Which to confirm with thine im-
mediate Eye,
“And least of all, remember—least of
all,
“Suffering Accuser also to be Judge,
“By surest steps up-builds Prosperity.”

MEANING OF THE STORY.

UNDER the leaf of many a Fable lies
The Truth for those who look for it;
of this

If thou wouldst look behind and find
the Fruit,

(To which the Wiser hand hath found
his way)

Have thy desire—No Tale of ME and
THEE,

Though I and THOU be its Interpreters.¹

What signifies THE SHÁH? and what
THE SAGE?

And what SALÁMÁN not of Woman
born?

Who was ABSÁL who drew him to
Desire?

And what the KINGDOM that awaited
him

¹ The Story is of *Generals*, though enacted by
Particulars.

When he had drawn his Garment from
her hand?
What means THAT SEA? And what
that FIERY PILE?
And what that Heavenly ZUHRAH
who at last
Clear'd ABSÁL from the Mirror of
his Soul?
Listen to me, and you shall under-
stand
The Word that Lover wrote along the
sand.¹

THE Incomparable Creator, when this
World
He did create, created first of all
The FIRST INTELLIGENCE²—first of
a Chain

¹ See p. 209.

² "These Ten Intelligences are only another
Form of the Gnostic Daemones. The Gnostics
held that Matter and Spirit could have no Inter-
course—they were, as it were, *incommensurate*.

Of Ten Intelligences, of which the Last
Sole Agent is in this our Universe,
ACTIVE INTELLIGENCE so call'd; The
One

Distributor of Evil and of Good,

How then, granting this premise, was Creation possible? Their answer was a kind of gradual Elimination. God, the 'Actus Purus,' created an Aeon; this Aeon created a Second; and so on, until the Tenth Aeon was sufficiently Material (as the Ten were in a continually descending Series) to affect Matter, and so cause the Creation by giving to Matter the Spiritual *Form*.

Similarly we have in Sùffism these Ten Intelligences in a corresponding Series, and for the same End.

There are Ten Intelligences, and Nine Heavenly Spheres, of which the Ninth is the Uppermost Heaven, appropriated to the First Intelligence; the Eighth, that of the Zodiac, to the Second; the Seventh, Saturn, to the Third; the Sixth, Jupiter, to the Fourth; the Fifth, Mars, to the Fifth; the Fourth, the Sun, to the Sixth; the Third, Venus, to the Seventh; the Second, Mercury, to the Eighth; the First, the Moon, to the Ninth; and THE EARTH is the peculiar Sphere of the Tenth, or lowest Intelligence, called THE ACTIVE."—
E. B. C. — v. Appendix.

Of Joy and Sorrow. Himself apart
from MATTER,
In Essence and in Energy — He yet
Hath fashion'd all that is — Material
Form,
And Spiritual, all from HIM — by
HIM
Directed all, and in his Bounty drown'd.
Therefore is He that Firmán - issuing
SHÁH
To whom the World was subject. But
because
What He distributes to the Universe
Another and a Higher Power sup-
plies,
Therefore all those who comprehend
aright,
That Higher in THE SAGE will
recognise.

HIS the PRIME SPIRIT that, spontane-
ously
Projected by the TENTH INTELLIGENCE,

Was from no womb of MATTER repro-
produced
A special Essence called THE SOUL OF
MAN;
A Child of Heaven, in raiment unbe-
shamed
Of Sensual taint, and so SALÁMÁN
named.

And who ABSÁL? — The Sense-adoring
Body,
Slave to the Blood and Sense — through
whom THE SOUL,
Although the Body's very Life it be,
Doth yet imbibe the knowledge and de-
light
Of things of SENSE; and these in such
a bond
United as GOD only can divide,
As Lovers in this Tale are signified.

And what the Flood on which they
sail'd, with those

Fantastic creatures peopled ; and that
Isle
In which their Paradise awhile they
made,
And thought, for ever? — That false
Paradise
Amid the fluctuating Waters found
Of Sensual passion, in whose bosom lies
A world of Being from the light of God
Deep as in unsubiding Deluge drown'd.

And why was it that ABSÁL in that
Isle
So soon deceived in her Delight, and
He
Fell short of his Desire? — that was to
show
How soon the Senses of their Passion
tire,
And in a surfeit of themselves expire.

And what the turning of SALÁMÁN'S
Heart

Back to THE SHÁH, and to the throne
of Might
And Glory yearning?—What but the
return
Of the lost SOUL to his true Parentage,
And back from Carnal error looking up
Repentant to his Intellectual Right.

And when the Man between his living
Shame
Distracted, and the Love that would
not die,
Fled once again—what meant that
second Flight
Into the Desert, and that Pile of Fire
On which he fain his Passion with
Himself
Would immolate?—That was the Dis-
cipline
To which the living Man himself de-
votes,
Till all the Sensual dross be scorcht
away,

And, to its pure integrity return'd,
His Soul alone survives. But foras-
much

As from a darling Passion so divorced
The wound will open and will bleed anew,
Therefore THE SAGE would ever and
anon

Raise up and set before Salámán's eyes
That Phantom of the past; but evermore
Revealing one Diviner, till his Soul
She fill'd, and blotted out the Mortal
Love.

For what is ZUHRAH? — What but that
Divine


Original, of which the Soul of Man
Darkly possesst, by that fierce Disci-
pline

At last he disengages from the Dust,
And flinging off the baser rags of
Sense,

And all in Intellectual Light arrayed,
As Conqueror and King he mounts the
Throne,

And wears the Crown of Human Glory
— Whence,
Throne over Throne surmounting, he
shall reign
One with the LAST and FIRST INTELLI-
GENCE.

This is the meaning of this Mystery,
Which to know wholly ponder in thy
Heart,
Till all its ancient Secret be enlarged.
Enough—The written Summary I close,
And set my Seal—



THE
TRUTH
GOD ONLY
KNOWS.

APPENDIX.

"To thy Harím Dividuality

"No entrance finds," &c. (p. 203.)

This Súfí Identification with Deity (further illustrated in the Story of Salámán's first flight) is shadowed in a Parable of Jeláluddín, of which here is an outline. "One knocked at the Beloved's Door; and a Voice asked from within, 'Who is there?' and he answered, 'It is I.' Then the Voice said, 'This House will not hold Me and Thee.' And the Door was not opened. Then went the Lover into the Desert, and fasted and prayed in Solitude. And after a Year he returned, and knocked again at the Door. And again the Voice asked, 'Who is there?' and he said, 'It is Thyself!'—and the Door was opened to him."

"O Darling of the soul of Iflatún

"To whom with all his school Aristo bows."

(p. 213.)

Some Traveller in the East—Professor Eastwick, I think—tells us that in endeavouring to explain to an Eastern Cook the nature of an *Irish Stew*, the man said he knew well enough about "*Aristo*." "*Iflatún*" might almost as well have been taken for "*Vol-au-vent*."

"Like Noah's, puff'd with Insolence and
Pride," &c. (p. 215.)

In the Kurán God engages to save Noah and his Family,—meaning all who believed in the Warning. One of Noah's Sons (Canaan or Ham, some think) would not believe. "And the Ark swam with them between waves like Mountains; and Noah called up to his Son, who was separated from him, saying, 'Embark with us, my Son, and stay not with the Unbelievers.' He answered, 'I will get on a Mountain, which will secure me from the Water.' Noah replied, 'There is no security this Day from the Decree of God, except for

him on whom he shall have Mercy.' And a Wave passed between them, and he became one of those who were drowned. And it was said, 'O Earth, swallow up thy waters; and Thou, O Heaven, withhold thy Rain!' And immediately the Water abated, and the Decree was fulfilled, and the Ark rested on the Mountain Al Judi; and it was said, 'Away with the ungodly People!' And Noah called upon his Lord, and said, 'O Lord, verily my Son is of my Family: and thy Promise is True: for Thou art the most just of those who exercise Judgment.' God answered, 'O Noah, verily he is not of thy Family: this intercession of thine for him is not a righteous work.'" — *Sale's Kurán*, vol. ii. p. 21.

*"Finer than any Bridal-puppet, which
"To prove another's Love a Woman sends,"
&c. (p. 224.)*

In Atkinson's version of the "Kitābi Kulsúm Naneh" [c. XII.] we find among other Ceremonials and Proprieties of which the Book treats, that when a Woman wished to ascertain

another's Love, she sent a Doll on a Tray with flowers and sweetmeats, and judged how far her affection was reciprocated by the Doll's being returned to her drest in a Robe of Honour, or in Black. The same Book also tells of *two* Dolls—Bride and Bridegroom, I suppose—being used on such occasions; the test of Affection being whether the one sent were returned with or without its Fellow.

“The Royal Game of Chügán.” (p. 226.)

For centuries the Royal Game of Persia, and adopted (Ouseley thinks) under varying modifications of name and practice by other nations, was played by Horsemen, who, suitably habited, and armed with semicircular-headed Bats or Sticks, strove to drive a Ball through a Goal of upright Pillars. (See illustration facing p. 171.) We may call it “Horse-hockey,” as heretofore played by young Englishmen in the Maidán of Calcutta, and other Indian cities, I believe, and now in England itself under the name of Polo.

The Frontispiece to this version of the Poem is accurately copied from an Engraving in Sir

William's Book, which he says (and those who care to look into the Bodleian¹ for it may see) "is accurately copied from a very beautiful Persian MS., containing the Works of Háfiz, transcribed in the year 956 of the Hijrah, 1549 of Christ; the MS. is in my own Collection. This Delineation exhibits two Horsemen contending for the Ball; their short Jackets seem peculiarly adapted to this Sport; we see the MİL, or Goals; Servants attend on Foot, holding CÚGÁNS in readiness for other Persons who may join in the Amusement, or to supply the place of any that may be broken. A young Prince (as his PARR, or Feather, would indicate) receives on his Entrance into the MEIDÂN, or Place of Exercise, a CÚGÁN from the hands of a bearded Man, very plainly dressed; yet, as an intelligent Painter at Isfahán assured me (and as appears from other Miniatures in the same Book), this Bearded Figure is designed to represent Háfiz himself," &c.

The Persian legend at the Top Corner is the Verse from Háfiz which the Drawing illustrates: Shahsuvára khúsh bemeidán ámedy gúy bezann.

¹ MS. Ouseley 20.

I am informed by a distinguished Arabic Scholar that the proper Cry of the Muezzin is, with some slight local variations, such as he heard it at Cairo and Damascus:

Allah Akbar, Allah Akbar;
Allah Akbar, Allah Akbar;
Ishhad lá allah illá 'llah;
Ishhad lá allah illá 'llah;
Ishhad lá allah illá 'llah;
Ishhad Muhammad rasúluhu;
Ishhad Muhammad rasúluhu;
Ishhad Muhammad rasúluhu;
Hayá 'alá 's-salát, Hayá 'alá 's-salát,
Inna 's-salát khair min an-naum.

"God is great" (*four times*); "Confess that there is no God but God" (*three times*); "Confess that Muhammad is the prophet of God" (*three times*); "Come to Prayer, Come to Prayer, for Prayer is better than Sleep."

[A more accurate account will be found in Lane's Modern Egyptians.]

"Here Iram-garden seem'd in secresy

"Blowing the rosebud of its Revelation;"

"Mahomet," says Sir W. Jones, "in the Chapter of The Morning, towards the end of his Alcoran, mentions a Garden called 'Irem,' which is no less celebrated by the Asiatic Poets than that of the Hesperides by the Greeks. It was planted, as the Commentators say, by a king named Shedád,"—deep in the Sands of Arabia Felix—"and was once seen by an Arabian who wandered far into the Desert in search of a lost Camel."

THE TEN INTELLIGENCES. (p. 274.)

A curious parallel to this doctrine is quoted by Mr. Morley (Critical Miscellanies, Series II. p. 318), from so anti-gnostic a Doctor as Paley, in Ch. III. of his Natural Theology.

"As we have said, therefore, God prescribes limits to his power, that he may let in the exercise, and thereby exhibit demonstrations, of his wisdom. For then—i.e., such laws and lim-

itations being laid down, it is as though some Being should have fixed certain rules; and, if we may so speak, provided certain materials; and, afterwards, have committed to some other Being, out of these materials, and in subordination to these rules, the task of drawing forth a Creation; a supposition which evidently leaves room, and induces indeed a necessity, for contrivance. Nay, there may be many such Agents, and many ranks of these. We do not advance this as a doctrine either of philosophy or religion; but we say that the subject may be safely represented under this view; because the Deity, acting himself by general laws, will have the same consequence upon our reasoning, as if he had prescribed these laws to another."
